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OCT. 23, 1957
TWO SHILLINGS

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HALFORD





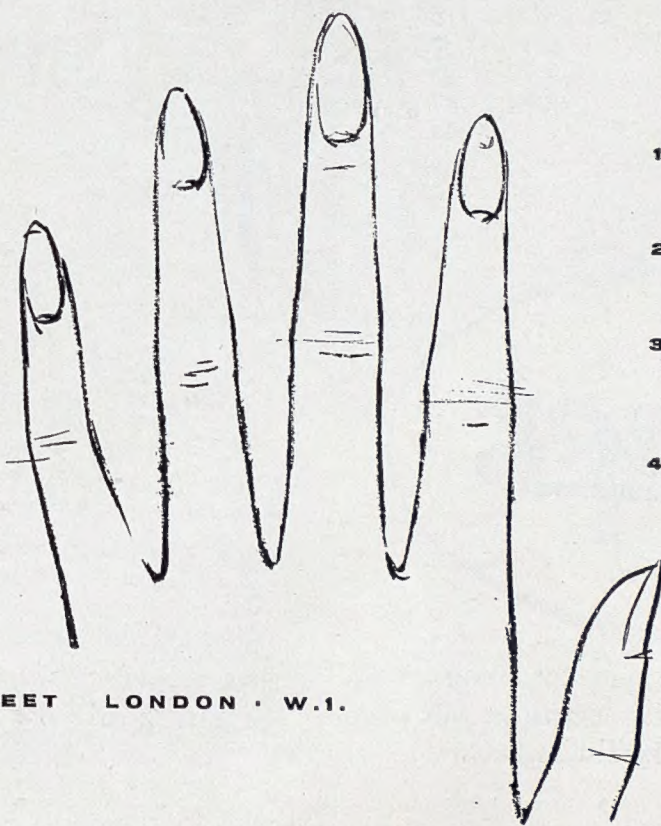
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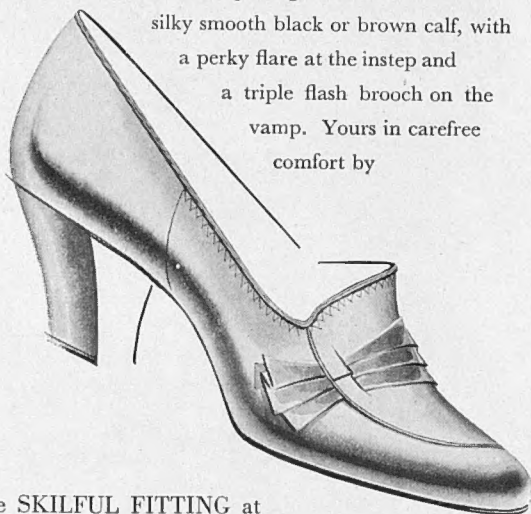


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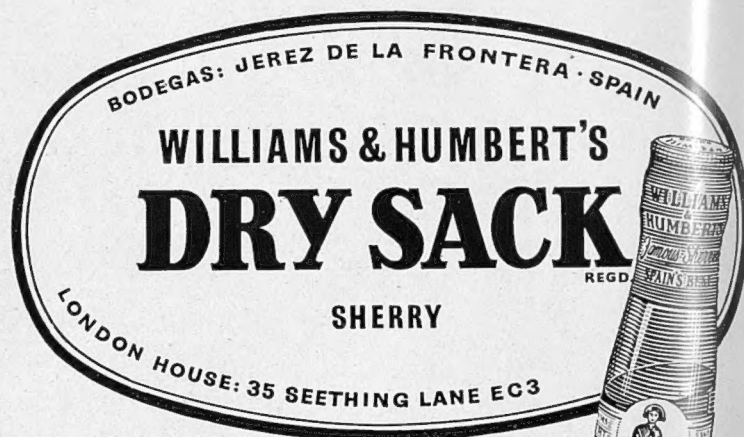


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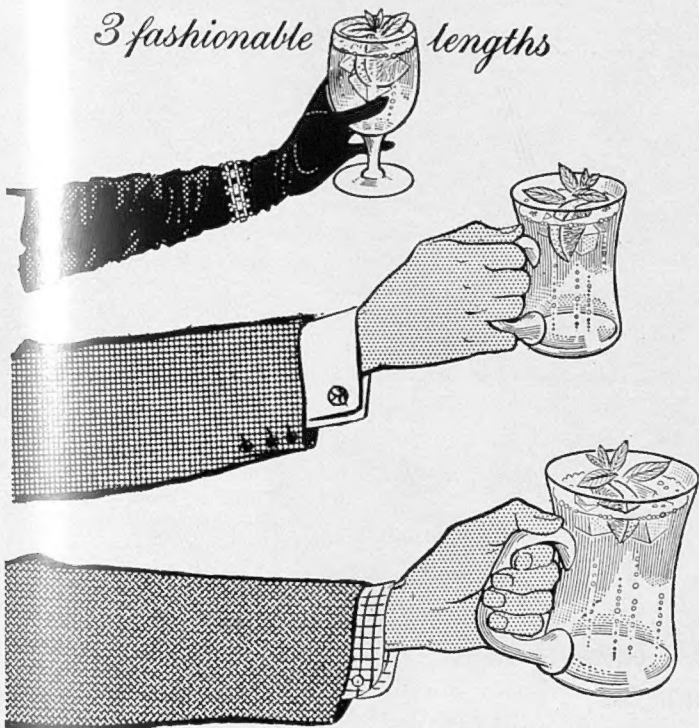
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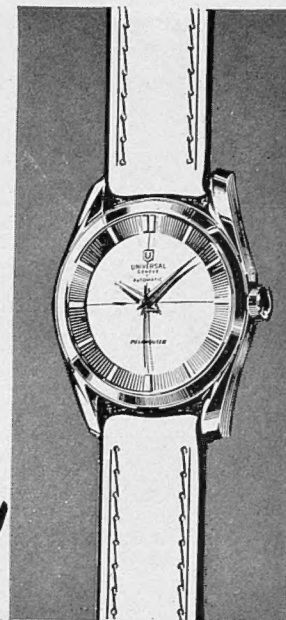
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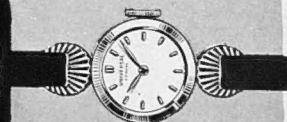
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MISS BEVERLEY HALFORD is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Halford, of the Mill House, Broughton, Hampshire. She was presented on April 3 this year, and her parents gave a coming out dance for her, at their country house, on one of the warmest evenings of midsummer. Miss Halford has studied in Paris at the Sorbonne and is interested in ballet and music. She enjoys swimming, table tennis, fencing and fishing

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From October 23 to October 30

Oct. 23 (Wed.) Prince Philip will visit the Dairy Show at Olympia; the show will be open until October 25.

Cambridgeshire Dinner Dance at the Dorchester.
Racing at Hurst Park (both rules) and Lisburn.

Oct. 24 (Thu.) Scottish *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition (to November 9), Waverley Market, Edinburgh.

The Second Monte Carlo Rally Ball at the Savoy.
Racing at Newbury (both rules).

Oct. 25 (Fri.) Autumn Exhibition of Royal Society of Painters in Watercolours, and Royal Society of Miniature Painters, Sculptors and Gravers (to November 21), R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street.
Staffordshire Society Annual Banquet and dance at the May Fair Hotel.

The Newbury Race Ball at the Corn Exchange, Newbury.

Wye College Beagles Hunt Ball, the Tudor House, Bearsted.

Racing at Newbury (both rules) and Doncaster.

Oct. 26 (Sat.) Hereford Herd Book Society Show and Sale to (29th).

Lacrosse: England v. U.S. Touring Team (Ladies), Guinness Ground, Park Royal, London.

Racing at Newbury (both rules) and Doncaster; steeplechasing at Chepstow, Huntingdon and Kelso.

Oct. 27 (Sun.) Concerts: London Symphony Orchestra, conductor George Byrd, soloist Shuna Cherkassky, in a Gershwin programme, 7.30 p.m.

at the Royal Albert Hall; Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, conductor Karl Muchinger, soloist Gerard Souzay, at the Royal Festival Hall.

Oct. 28 (Mon.) Racing at Wye and Nottingham.

Oct. 29 (Tue.) The Queen will hold an Investiture at Buckingham Palace.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother as Chancellor will open the Students' Union Building at the University of London, and will be present at a Concert in aid of S.S.A.F.A. at the Royal Albert Hall.

Princess Margaret will attend the annual meeting of the Friends of the Poor and Gentlefolks' Help at St. James's Palace.

Bloodstock Sales: Houghton Sales at Newmarket.

Concert: The Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, conductor Karl Muchinger, at the Royal Festival Hall.

Racing at Newmarket (Houghton Meeting) and Downpatrick; steeplechasing at Nottingham.

Oct. 30 (Wed.) Prince Philip will preside at a Dinner for Delegates of the International Yacht Racing Union, at the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

Ladies' Kennel Association Championship Dog Show at Olympia.

Sixth Trafalgar Fair at Park Lane House to be opened at 11 a.m. by the Lady Mayoress of London.

First night: *The Pirate*, at the Vanbrugh Theatre.

Racing at Newmarket (Cambridgeshire); steeplechasing at Ludlow.

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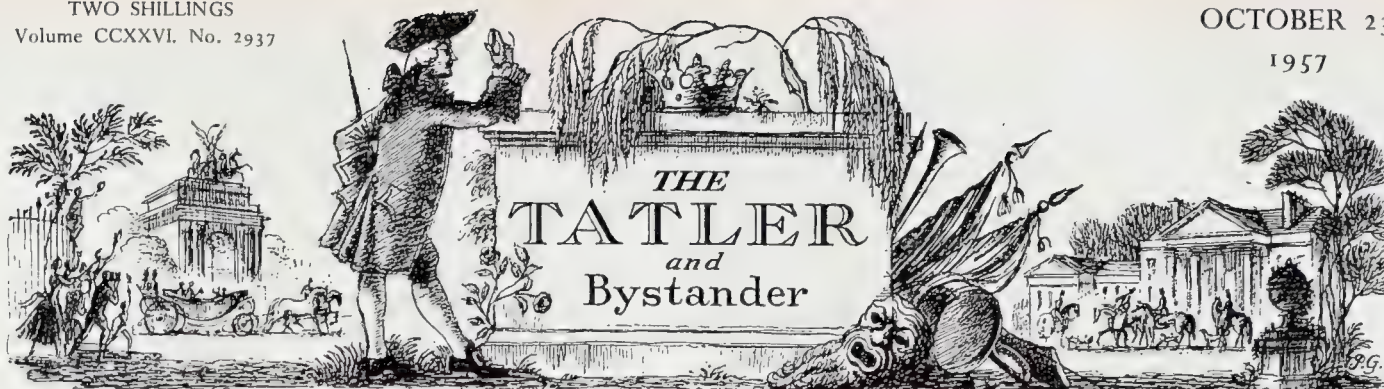
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The Royal visitors to the New World

THE QUEEN and Prince Philip, who were due to return from their tour of Canada and the U.S. yesterday, are seen in the Music Room at Buckingham Palace, in this charming and expressive portrait taken on the eve of their departure to North America. Her

Majesty is wearing a shimmering gown of white tulle embroidered in silver and gold, and a jewelled diadem. Over her shoulder is the Garter ribbon, while she also wears miniatures of her father and grandfather. Prince Philip is wearing the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet

A CHELSEA HOSTESS

THE Hon. Mrs. John Partridge is the only daughter of Lord Brownlow and the late Lady Brownlow. She lives at Alexander Place, Chelsea, and has one son, Frank David Peregrine, born in September, 1955. Mr. John Partridge is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Partridge



Social Journal

Jennifer

A SCOTS GUARDS WEDDING

GLORIOUS white and yellow flowers, superbly arranged by Constance Spry, decorated St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, for the marriage of Captain Edward Hulse, Scots Guards, elder son of Sir Westrow Hulse and Mrs. P. M. Lamb, and Miss Verity Ann Pilkington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Pilkington. The service, with very beautiful music, was conducted by the Rev. W. A. Simmonds.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore an exquisite dress of very fine white lace and tulle with a very full skirt forming a train, designed for her by Victor Stiebel. Her short tulle veil was held in place by a headdress of orange blossom, and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley, stephanotis and white roses. Her six bridesmaids were her cousin Miss Virginia Todd, who came out last year, with Miss Richenda Gurney, Miss Mary Illingworth, Miss Joanna Aykroyd, Miss Anne Daglish and Miss Belinda Earl, who were all débutantes two years ago with the bride. They wore daffodil-yellow taffeta dresses with crescents of yellow and white flowers at the back of their heads.

As the bride and bridegroom left the church, they passed between a guard of honour of warrant officers and officers of the Scots Guards in their scarlet full dress uniform, while two pipers of the regiment were outside playing Scottish airs.

Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington, the latter looking very attractive in a sapphire blue velvet suit with little cap to match and a mink stole, held a reception at Claridge's, where they received the guests with the bridegroom's parents. The bride's aunt and godmother, Lady Madden,

flew home for the wedding from Malta where Sir Charles Madden has an appointment, and another godmother, her aunt Miss Maud Pilkington, came down from Scotland. Her grandmother, Mrs. G. W. Robins, was present, also Mr. and Mrs. Greer and her young daughter Miss Stephanie Todd, Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson with their daughter Patricia, who has just begun her first term at the Cygnets House in Queen's Gate, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Taylor.

I met Lady Hulse wearing a striking black and white hat with her black suit, talking to Mr. Garry Booth-Jones, and Lord and Lady Monson. The latter was sailing the following day to America and Jamaica where she was going to supervise some building. Lord Monson was joining her out there later and they will both be back here for Christmas. Lady Leverhulme was accompanied by her son-in-law and daughter Mr. Michael and the Hon. Mrs. Pakenham; the latter, a bride last summer, was looking very pretty. Lady Cayzer was there with her son-in-law and daughter, Captain and Mrs. Michael Colvin, and I met the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Cayzer, the latter as pretty as a picture in a black velvet coat trimmed with white ermine and a white ermine and black velvet hat.

OTHERS who had come to wish the very charming young bride and bridegroom every happiness were Lady Wardington, Mr. and Mrs. John Blundell, Lady Salmon, Mrs. Audrey Hazlerigg, Sir Hardman Earl, whose daughter Belinda was a bridesmaid, Mrs. Maitland Makgill Crichton and her débutante granddaughter Miss Veronica Maitland Makgill Crichton, Mrs. Grant and her brother Mr. Euan

Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Madden, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Collier, Col. and Mrs. Cecil Pim, the Hon. Mrs. Senior and her two attractive daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Tres Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Terence Morrison-Scott, and Mr. Alan Budgett, who is one of the joint-Masters of the Bicester Hounds with the bride's father.

A great number of brother officers in the bridegroom's regiment and other of their young friends were at the wedding. Among these I saw Captain and Mrs. Trevor Dawson, the Hon. Clare Dixon, Miss Susan Barry, the Hon. Sandra Monson, Miss Anne Holbech and Miss Angela Huth. There were also a number of tenants and staff who had come up from the bridegroom's home in Hampshire, and staff from the bride's home in Oxfordshire. Mr. Richard Hulse was best man to his brother and proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom after they had cut their wedding cake.

★ ★ ★

MRS. LESLIE AKED, Mrs. Jenkin Coles and Mrs. Robert Fender recently gave a joint dance at 6 Belgrave Square for their daughters, Miss Virginia Aked, Miss Susan Coles and Miss Anne Fender, who have all three been great successes during their first season. Dancing took place in the first floor L-shaped ballroom. A room on the floor above had been most cleverly decorated with a fascinating mural of the coast and sea off Ischia, with palm trees, fishing nets entwined with fresh flowers, real crabs and lobsters decorating the walls, all being dimly lit in the true night-club tradition. All this décor had been carried out by Miss Angela Huth who is studying commercial art, and was exceedingly well done. She was at the dance with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Huth, who had earlier given a dinner party for the dance, and received many congratulations on her work.

Other dinner party hostesses included Mrs. David Lycett Green, who brought the Duke of Kent with her party of young friends, which included her daughter, Miss Julia Williamson, looking most attractive and wearing her first black evening dress, and Lady Clarissa Duncombe. Lady Gretton, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, the Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry, the Hon. Mrs. Pitman, Mrs. Rupert Smithers, and the Hon. Mrs. James Phillips also brought dinner parties. The young people enjoying this very nice dance included Miss Lorna Lyle, Miss Deirdre Senior in cream brocade, Miss Virginia Makins, Miss Joanna Smithers, Miss Mary Hays, Miss Jennifer Jane Parkinson, Miss Karol Prior Fomer, Miss Margaret Pitman, Miss Elisabeth Grimston and masses of young men.

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MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS WILLIAMS gave a delightful little party in the Pavilion Room at the Dorchester after the christening of their infant son and heir, who was named Trelawny Michael. He was christened by the Rev. Wilfred Derry in the Grosvenor Chapel, and wore a magnificent heirloom christening robe, which has been in his father's family for many years. His godparents are Mrs. Herbert H. H. Mrs. Jean Garland, Mr. Archibald Kidston and Mr. William K. Simpson.

Among relations and friends who came along to drink his health in toast or champagne were the baby's grandmother Dolores Lady Raddlesham, his uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williams and their children Carolyn and Anne, and his ten-year-old half-sister Linda; also Major and Mrs. Herbert Holt, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Kidston, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Corbett and her three children, Mr. Michael Selborne, Lord and Lady Essendon, and Major and Mrs. Bryan Gibbs.

★ ★ ★

Two nights after the Aked-Coles-Fender dance, the Hon. Mrs. Guy Cubitt and Mrs. W. W. B. Scott gave a most enjoyable dance for their attractive daughters Miss Celia Cubitt, who was in pink, and Miss Maxine Scott, who was in blue. This took place at 23 Knightsbridge, and there was dancing on two floors, for not only was the main first floor ballroom in use, but guests danced to the music of an accordion on the upper floor, where there was another bar and a sitting-out room. Supper was served in the ground floor dining-room.

Among a large number of dinner hostesses for the dance were Lady Bacon, the Hon. Mrs. Shand, Lady Arbuthnot Lane, Mrs. R. Barclay, Mrs. Holden White, Mrs. Talbot Ponsonby, Mrs. Gerald Walker, Mrs. David Laurie, Mrs. Geoffrey Davies and Mrs. Percy Legard. Both fathers, the Hon. Guy Cubitt and Mr. Scott, who is now Master of the Berkeley Hounds, were at the dance, also Celia's uncle Lord Ashcombe who was in splendid form.

A great number of young people were enjoying the evening, including the Duke of Kent, who early on I saw partnering Miss Sarah Legard, Mr. Hugh Cubitt very happy at his sister's dance, Lord Rideau, Lady Davina Pepys, pretty in white taffeta with a pale blue sash, Captain John Greener who is now adjutant at Mons, the Hon. Mary Ann Gretton, dancing with Mr. John Kemp-Welch, Miss Jennifer Nelson, Miss Belinda Loyd in peacock blue, the Hon. Simon Maxwell, Miss Caroline Lockhart, Miss Diana Goodhart, pretty in pale blue lace, Mr. Robin Fleming, Miss Victoria Cannon, Miss Mary Hays, pretty in olive green, the Hon. Brian Alexander, Mr. J. de Salis, Mr. Julian Benson, Miss Serena Murray who is just beginning a secretarial job



Capt. Maurice French, Miss Jennifer Chaytor, Count Ferdinand Von Cuffit and Miss Heather Tarbutt

A BALL IN PARK LANE

THE CHALLONER CLUB held its eighth anniversary ball at the Dorchester recently; the chairman of the Ball Committee was Lady de Hoghton

Lady de Hoghton and Mr. Kevill Busty

Miss Jill Barbezat and Mr. Anthony Dix-Lewis



Mrs. Ellsworth-Jones and Mr. E. Ellsworth-Jones



Mrs. P. German Ribon and Sir Charles Russell

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Van Hallan

MISS PATRICIA MACLEAN, Miss Anna Plowden and Miss Alison Geddes, at the joint dance given for them at the Hyde Park Hotel by Mr. G. Maclean, Lady Plowden and Mrs. R. Geddes. There were 250 guests on this happy occasion

at the Portuguese Embassy, and her cousin Miss Philippa du Boulay, who told me her sister Diane is getting married in Portugal in the New Year. Two young marrieds I saw enjoying themselves were Captain and Mrs. Michael Colvin, and Captain and Mrs. Mark Jeffreys.

★ ★ ★

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Eaton Square, was packed when the brilliant race driver, Mr. Stirling Moss, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Moss of Tring, married Miss Katherine Molson, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Stuart Molson of Montreal. The service, which was conducted by the Rev. W. A. Simmonds, did not take place until five-thirty, so that electric light and candles lit the church, which looked very beautiful, with the choir in their snow white surplices over scarlet cassocks sitting each side of the transept, and the large vases of exquisite white flowers—gladioli, lilies, chrysanthemums and hydrangeas, again beautifully arranged by Constance Spry. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of heavy white duchess satin, with the full skirt flowing into a train, which had been designed for her by Norman Hartnell. Her tulle veil was held in place by a coronet of small white flowers. Her three bridesmaids, Miss Patricia Moss, Miss Margot Beaubien and Miss Judith Noot, wore ballerina length dresses of white paper taffeta and had circlets of pink and red flowers in their hair.

After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Molson, the latter looking charming in a sapphire blue suit and little brown feather hat, which matched the mink muff she carried, held a reception at the Savoy, where they received the guests with Mr. and Mrs. Moss. The bride's brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Molson, had come over from Montreal for the wedding as had the bride's parents, who belong to two of the oldest families in the Dominion. I also met the bride's aunt Mrs. Robert Holt, who is as well known in Nassau, where she has a lovely home, as in Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Holt and Major and Mrs. Herbert Holt. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, the latter just recovered from Asian flu, were both in great form, and I met Sir John Child and his Canadian born wife, Lady Salmon and her son and daughter the Hon. Michael and the Hon. Clodagh Morris, and Ann Lady Orr-Lewis with her son, Mr. Glen Allen who, like Sir John and Lady Child and Lady Salmon, are very old friends of the bride's family.

Others present were Mr. and Mrs. Brian Rootes, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lenanton, Mr. Eddie Tatham, Miss Ina Morrison (a great personality who has been with Mrs. Robert Holt for nearly thirty years), Sir John and Lady Robinson and Mrs. Topham. The latter, who now takes as great an interest in the success of motor racing at Aintree as horse racing, was with her nephew Mr. Jim Bidwell who helps her run Aintree.

There were, of course, a great number of motor racing personalities among the guests. These included Mr. K. A. Gregory who was best man, Mr. Mike Hawthorn escorting Miss Cherry Huggins, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Collins and his parents, Mr. George Eyston, Mr. Dickie Wilkins, Mr. Roy Salvadori, Mr. John Eason-Gibson, secretary of the B.R.D.C., Mr. John Morgan, secretary of the B.A.R.C., Mr. Peter Jopp, the Swedish driver, Mr. Joachin Bonnier and that great character of the race track known to all drivers, "Mac" of Dunlops. It was a very gay reception with a buffet dinner at small tables around the dance floor, and before they cut their wedding cake which was decorated with racing cars, including a Vanwall, the bride and bridegroom started the dancing.

★ ★ ★

A GLORIOUS autumn day added to the enjoyment of spectators and competitors at the Chester Garrison and Cheshire Hunt Hunter Trials. These were held on a splendidly laid out course over land at Saighton, near Chester, by kind permission of Colonel Gerald Grosvenor and Messrs. Dutton, Salmon and Jones. There were a good number of entries for the four events, but so well was everything organized under the very capable guidance of Lt.-Col. R. W. Martin, the Hon. Secretary, that the whole day ran to schedule. Col. John Smith-Maxwell was the chief judge, and other judges included Lady Violet Vernon up from the Duke of Beaufort's country, who I had last seen judging Ladies' Hunters so well at the Dublin Horse Show, Brigadier J. R. Fishbourne, who commands 23rd Armoured Brigade (Yeomanry), Lt.-Col. Sir William Lowther, joint-Master of Sir W. Williams-Wynn's hounds, Mr. Philip Pease from Yorkshire, Lady Margaret Myddelton, Col. B. W. Heaton, Col. W. L. Mather, Lt.-Col. F. Beale, Mr. A. G. Hopwood, Mr. W. S. Pickering, both great hunting farmers, Miss M. Moore who hunts with the Wynnstay, and the Earl of Rocksavage, one of the joint-masters of the Cheshire Hunt with Col. Gerald Grosvenor and Viscount Leverhulme, who was one of the two chief stewards with Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Churton.

The Countess of Rocksavage, very attractive and neat, riding a nice grey horse, Saracen, belonging to her husband, competed in the Novice and Individual Open events and won the latter with a very good round. Miss Vera Holden was second in this event on Ariane. The Novice event resulted in a tie for first place, between Mr. S. W. Woodhall and Mrs. Parton. The Hunt Unit Pairs was won by the Wynnstay Hunt represented by Mr. R. J. O'Neill who also rode in the open event, and Mr. T. O'Sullivan, and the Consolation Sweepstake was won by Miss Ailsa Smith-Maxwell from the Heythrop country who rides exceptionally well. Others competing included Mrs. Geoffrey Churton, Brig. T. C. Usher the well-known National Hunt rider, Miss E. Cholmondeley, Major P. C. M. Furnell, Miss Fiona Myddelton who had come up from London to compete and was having her first ride this season, Miss Susan Phillips, Miss Mary Richmond and Miss Sarah Reid.

Col. Gerald Grosvenor was there all day, giving invaluable help in running the event. Mrs. Grosvenor, who broke her hip two months ago in a riding accident, came to watch the morning events in a spinal carriage. Her presence gave joy to all her friends, who were so pleased to have her with them. This charming and gay personality, who will be laid up for possibly another month, has taken her bad injury with immense courage and cheerfulness.

Watching the trials I also met Viscountess Leverhulme looking very attractive in nice tweeds, Mrs. Philip Pease, who with her husband was among Col. and Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor's guests at Saighton, Lt.-Col. Ririd Myddelton who with his wife and daughter had come over from Chirk Castle, Mrs. Bill Martin and Miss Tessa Williams, just back from Malaya where she stayed with her sister Mrs. Ivan Lynch, whose



Major Dudley Forwood was
with Lady Hulse



Lady Philipson Stow with
Sir Westrow Hulse, Bt.

husband Capt. Ivan Lynch of the Rifle Brigade is stationed out there until December.

IN the evening, I went to a very good dance at Eaton Hall which had been organized to raise funds for the British Army Saddle Club. Eaton Hall, which is now used as an officer cadet training centre, was for many years the home of the Dukes of Westminster and is still owned by the Westminster estate. It makes a wonderful setting for a dance, with its spacious and lofty ballroom, which has large windows overlooking a fine formal garden which, like the front of the house, was floodlit for the occasion. Huge vases and soup tureens of autumn flowers and foliage were most beautifully arranged by Mrs. Basil Eugster in every room. These exquisite flowers had kindly been given by Bees of Chester from their famous nurseries. As well as supper, there was a picturesque hot dog barrow and an oyster bar which proved most popular.

The Commandant, Col. Basil Eugster and his very attractive wife, who wore a long black satin and tulle evening dress, brought a party including Lt.-Gen. Sir Otway Herbert, who is G.O.C. Western Command, and Lady Herbert, Brig. Joe Fishbourne and Mr. and Mrs. John Midwood.

THE Earl and Countess of Rocksavage were at the dance, also Col. Gerald Grosvenor who brought some of his house party, Brig. Norman Walker, Brig. of R.A. at Western Command, and Mrs. Walker, Brig. Clive Usher, who commands the R.A. training brigade at Oswestry, and Mrs. Usher, Lt.-Col. John Marshall, the Chief Instructor at Eaton and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bates who were in Mr. and Mrs. Ormerod's party, Col. Martin who had given a lot of help in organizing this dance as well as the hunter trials, and Mrs. Martin, Captain Peter Gerton-Warburton, the adjutant, and his pretty sister Jane who was in red velvet, and Capt. Mike Palmer and Capt. Peter Groves, both of the 14th/20th Hussars, with their wives.

There was a great number of cadets at the dance and a lot of pretty girls. Among the younger guests dancing were Viscount Carlow, Miss Caroline Spicer, Miss Elizabeth Eaton, Mr. Robert Guinness, Miss Jane and Miss Sarah Reid, Miss Victoria Cannon and Miss Jennifer Lucas Burrows dancing with Mr. Arthur Johnston.

★ ★ ★

THE Spanish Ambassador's annual reception to celebrate the anniversary of the discovery of the continent of America is always very and amusing, especially as the fine Embassy lends itself so well to entertaining on a grand scale. H.E. the Duque de Primo de Rivera is a wonderful host and a charming personality who has made a great number of friends in England since he became Ambassador here in 1951.

To mention a few of the guests, there were present the French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel, and the Dominican Ambassador and Mme. Thomen, also the Italian Ambassador, and the Haitian Charge d'Affaires Senor Malebranche with his very attractive wife, who wore a very chic white ermine trimmed velvet coat and hat.

Sir John Balfour, one of our former Ambassadors to Spain, Sir Aston Webb the High Commissioner for New Zealand, Sir John and Lady Taylor, the Dowager Countess of Gainsborough, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, Lord and Lady Melchett, Lord and Lady George Scott, Sir Gerald and Lady Kelly, the Countess of Midleton, and the Duchess of Argyll, looking very beautiful wearing a little wax red cap of ribbon loops with her black dress, were other guests at this very enjoyable reception.



AN AUTUMN WEDDING

Capt. Edward Hulse, son of Sir Westrow Hulse, Bt., and Mrs. P. M. Lamb, and Miss Verity Anne Pilkington, are seen above after their wedding which took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Mrs. R. A. Budgett and the
Hon. Mrs. Robin Cayzer



Lady Salmon and Mrs.
William Pilkington



Mrs. Nigel Fisher and Mr.
W. Balfour Paul

Lady Cayzer with the
Countess of Londesborough



The bridesmaids included the Misses V. Todd, R. Gurney,
M. Illingworth, J. Aykroyd, A. Daglish and B. Earle

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Mr. John King and Miss Janet Gibson in the library at Hoplands



Mr. Alan Fletcher, M.F.H., with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Farmer

GAY COMING-OF-AGE

MISS BELINDA FIRBANK (above) waiting in her mother's home at Hoplands, King's Somborne, Hants, to welcome the guests to her very gay twenty-first birthday party



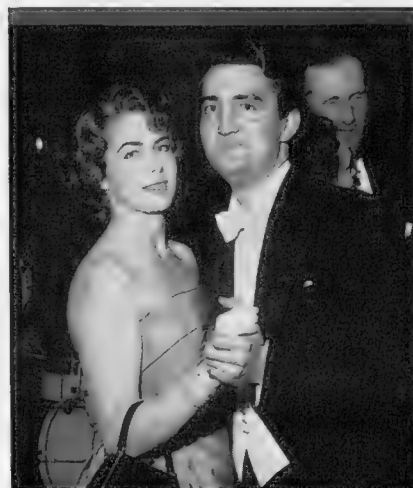
Miss Beverley Halford, one of this year's debutantes, and Mr. Jimmy Miesegaes



Capt. Hugh Dawnay and Miss Gillian Fleetwood-Wilson



Col. R. H. Walsh was accompanying Mrs. Walsh

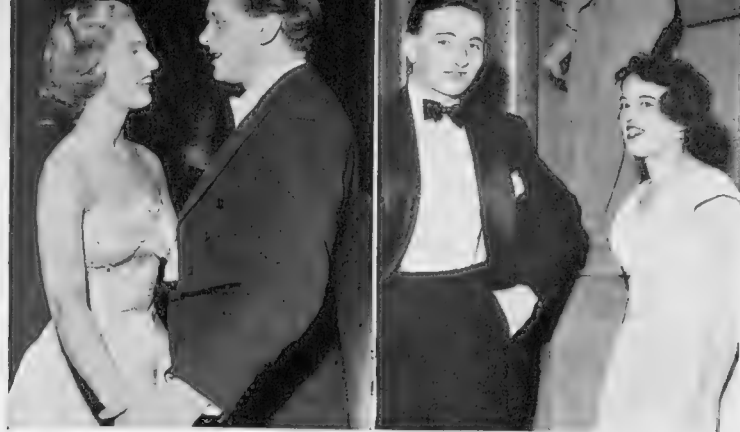


Mr. and Mrs. David Hall were dancing



Miss Rosamund Scott with Mr. Joseph Halford

Desmond O'Neill



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Miss Janet Unwin and Mr. Peter Mayhew

Mr. Nicholas Westendarp and Miss Lilian Archibald



Mrs. John Midwood and Mrs. and Mr. Colin Rae were three more of the guests



EATON HALL BALL

A BALL was given by the Eaton Hall and Western Command Saddle Club at Eaton Hall, Chester. Above, two of the guests, Mr. A. Johnston and Miss Jennifer Burrows



Mr. Ronald Ormone and Miss Jean Locke were among the younger guests



Van Hallan

Miss Victoria Cannon sitting out with Mr. A. Mayhew



Major D. M. Forde, commanding officer of the depot, Cheshire Regiment, with Mrs. Forde

Roundabout

TO SEE OURSELVES . . .

Peter Ustinov

I REMEMBER well the odd sensation of receiving the first printed copy of a play of mine. Here I was, in print. Naturally, there was a feeling of elation, of delirium even, but as I walked down the Charing Cross Road with the clean copy of my earliest work in my hands, my eye caught shelf upon shelf of forgotten books, and with a chastening shudder I realized that I had probably just tacked myself onto the end of the long queue to oblivion. Still, many competitors hadn't even survived the earliest round. It was quite something to be able to get in a queue to be forgotten.

Since then, I have become almost blasé about publication. I even dread correcting proofs, with those sudden doubts about punctuation, or even the sense of a phrase. I am hardened to the practical side of writing, the romantic idyll of initial acceptance is forgotten. But now another book has reached me, a book upon which my name is written too large for comfort, and in which my usual place as author has been usurped by some one else. My feelings are mixed. I am naturally immensely flattered that any publisher should have considered such biography worthy of his consideration, and that an author of Geoffrey Willans's distinction should have seen fit to choose me as a target, and yet I have a sudden impression of being imprisoned, or even impaled like a stout butterfly in an album.

THE very pictures used to illustrate the book somehow alarm me now that they are available to the public. The perfect straight photograph on the frontispiece, which I had never really studied before, seems to exude not only mischief but cunning, sleepy and sinister quality which has stung me into days and even weeks of conscious benevolence.

The picture of myself at the age of three, for so long locked away among my mother's possessions, horrifies me. I don't see how I could ever have been so small. I am too fond of my father ever to sit on his knee these days, and yet there I am, a mere wisp in a raincoat, relaxing against a protective hand, thin and beardless and apparently very serious.

My mother tells me I was very nice at the age of eleven, and she even painted me looking thoughtful, but I think I would probably have found myself distinctly annoying. At the same time, I believe that if I had met myself at the age of thirty-six when I was eleven, I would doubtless have been very depressed.



BEN ENWONWU, art director to the Nigerian Government and graduate of the Slade, is proud to be the first African to sculpt the Queen. He is making a bust and a full length statue of Her Majesty for the House of Representatives in Lagos. This talented sculptor is seen with his symbolic Figure of Awakening at the studio lent him by Sir William Reid Dick, where Her Majesty came for several sittings



BRIGGS

by Graham

A formal group from my military days is more immediately recognizable. The feet of my colleagues are all neatly regimented, but mine are contorted into the strangest positions, like a two-headed eagle standing on its heads, which I can only interpret as a symbol of insubordination and revolt. And yet the smile on my face gives the whole a somewhat insidious quality which I remember as being a faithful physical interpretation of my mental attitude at the time.

My wife always photographs well, but when it comes to pictures of my own children, I am as jealous as any parent about their undeniable beauty, and wish that my daughter hadn't been caught in a moment of alarm at the impending flash of the bulb, and that my son hadn't looked quite so much like Gengis Khan demanding a ransom at the moment the camera clicked. He is usually far more sardonic than he seems on the photo, while she is more mysterious than even a woman has any right to be. It is in moments like these that I feel for my mother, and am prepared to admit, for her sake, that at the age of eleven I was a veritable Adonis.

As for the actual book, I must say I would have enjoyed it immensely if it had been written about any other subject, although if it had been about some other subject, I don't think that I would have read it quite as often as I have done. The actual story I know, because I have lived it, and it is recorded here with a compassionate twinkle for which I am grateful.

Even at the worst moments of life I find it difficult to become really depressed (I don't try very hard either), because I know that the moments of triumph, and more important, of serenity, must be paid for, and, like the child who leaves the best part of lunch to the last, I have always preferred to brace myself against the unpleasantnesses early on. I have no time for bitterness, because it is the fruit of weakness. Self-pity is the stuff of which ruminations are made, and I abhor fanatics. It is necessary to make our own mistakes. It is only when you start making the mistakes of other people that you must start worrying.

MR. WILLANS points out that I am usually late for appointments. This is regrettably true, but I find that whenever I make an effort to be punctual, the other party is late, possibly as a result of my reputation. There is nothing more aggravating than to arrive late for an appointment, and to find that the person you are to meet has not yet arrived! In this, I would rather be aggravated than aggravated. Mr. Willans also mentions a very mental barrier which I erect between those who meet me and myself. Needless to say I am quite unaware of the nature or even of the existence of this barrier, but I will say that in English education everything possible is done to encourage personal shyness, and if that education has left me unmarked for its intellectual or sportsmanlike qualities, it has conceivably left me with a vague feeling of bewilderment which is still noticeable in conversation.

There is only one statement by Mr. Willans which I deny with all the power at my disposal. He claims that I am an enthusiastic but very bad tennis player. This is quite untrue, I am a bad, not very bad.



LADIES IN THE SADDLE

THE WINNER of the 1957 Newmarket Town Plate, the only flat race for women riders, was Miss Scarlet Rimell, daughter of Mr. T. F. Rimell the trainer, riding Hippocampe (above)



Mrs. J. Rogerson, Mrs. Nicolson and Mr. Timothy Nicolson at this unique event



Mr. Bob Cowell and his sister Miss Eugenie Cowell



Mr. W. G. Gilbert, Major T. Wilson and Col. W. H. Gray



Col. Douglas Kaye and Mrs. Kaye were among the racegoers



PARTIES THAT HAVE A PLACE IN HISTORY

JAMES LAVER, who edits the book "Memorable Balls" (Verschoyle/Andre Deutsch), here writes of some festivities that had tragic results as well as being magnificent spectacles

How dreary and depressing is the scene of a party when it is over! The brilliant lights are extinguished, the flowers drooping; there is silence except for the shuffle of someone cleaning up. Parties are surely delightful while they last, but why should anyone remember them when they are over? Yet some parties are remembered still, even if they happened hundreds of years ago, remembered perhaps for some special magnificence—or even for some tragedy connected with them.

One of the first of these—magnificent and tragic both—took place "on the Tuesday before Candlemas in 1393," more than 550 years ago. The mad King Charles VI of France is now remembered chiefly because playing-cards are said to have been invented for his amusement. His court was luxurious and frivolous to a degree, and balls and fêtes were of almost everyday occurrence. On the date we have mentioned there was to be a ball of particular magnificence in the Hotel de Saint-Pol, which was in the east of Paris and has long since vanished. The King's master-of-ceremonies suggested that the monarch and some of his intimate friends should disguise themselves as satyrs or wild men of the woods and, bursting in upon the dancers, should play a host of pranks upon the startled ladies. Accordingly, the King himself and five nobles were sewn into linen costumes which had been steeped in resin and covered with loose tow resembling human hair.

Thus attired they played their part with vigour, but suddenly the scene was transformed into one of horror. One of the torchbearers accidentally set the nearest satyr alight and in a moment all the masquers were involved. What could be more inflammable than tow and resin? Only the King and one other was saved; the rest were burned to death, and the tragic evening is still remembered in French history as the *Bal des Ardents*.

Nearly two hundred years later in 1572 there was another tragic ball at the Court of France but this time the victims were numbered by thousands. The King then was Charles IX, and the occasion of the festivity was the marriage of his sister Margaret to the young Prince who is remembered in history as Henry of Navarre. Now Henry was a Protestant and the marriage was intended to put an end to the terrible Wars of Religion



that had ravaged France for eight years. After the nuptials a huge ball was held in the Great Hall on the ground floor of the Louvre known as the Salle des Cariatides, and here the two Courts of France and Navarre mingled in a glittering throng. The whole "flying squadron" of the Queen Mother's ladies in waiting wore long-trained gowns of gold tissue or silver taffeta, adorned with pearls and precious stones. The male dancers were equally splendid, wearing their swords and hats, their mantles held on the shoulder by a diamond brooch.

It began thus on August 19 and the festivities continued until the 21st. All was gaiety and friendliness or, at least, seemed so on the surface. But at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 22nd the Protestant leader, Admiral Coligny, was fired at by an unseen assassin as he was leaving his house, and the very next day was the Eve of St. Bartholomew when the streets of Paris ran with the blood of all the Protestants who had come to Paris to attend the marriage. Henry of Navarre was one of the few who escaped. He hid in his wife's bed and saved his life by abjuring (for a time) his religion. There have been attempts in recent years to whitewash the treachery of St. Bartholomew, but the blood still shows through.

No immediate massacre followed the marriage of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of our James I, to Prince Frederick of the Palatinate in 1612. It took place in the Palace of Whitehall on February 14 and was followed by a ball with a masque. By fortunate chance the text of this entertainment has survived, together with some of the original drawings for the costumes by no less a person than Inigo Jones. These drawings are now at Chatsworth and give us a remarkably clear notion of the appearance of the dancers. We even know what the festivities cost: £50,000, an enormous sum in terms of modern money.

There was nothing sinister about the marriage. Frederick and Elizabeth seem truly to have loved one another. But as monarchs they were unfortunate, for Frederick's election to the throne of Bohemia proved his undoing. Elizabeth spent most of her life in exile, but by one of the strangest ironies of history she became the ancestress of every European royal house surviving till this day. She was, of course, the grandmother of King George I, and our Queen Elizabeth II is her lineal descendant.

For all the great parties have been royal ones. Let me, therefore, now turn to a famous ball given by a private individual, though some minor royalties were present. The scene was Brussels and the date June 15, 1815. The hostess was the Duchess of Richmond, and the guests all the most aristocratic officers of Wellington's army. We shall not attempt to describe it; Byron has done it for us.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Quietly the news was passed round and silently, one by one, the male dancers slipped away, some of them to find their grave on the field of Waterloo.

Perhaps no great parties since have had sequels quite so dramatic, although some of them have been splendid enough. That aristocratic French spendthrift Boni de Castellane married the American heiress Anna Gauld and to celebrate her twenty-first birthday he rented part of the Bois de Boulogne in Paris and gave a fête to which three thousand guests were invited. Eighty thousand Venetian lamps were hung in the surrounding trees and sixty footmen in scarlet liveries were hired to attend to the guests and to "group themselves on the grass" in artistic patches of colour. Fifteen kilometres of carpet were laid down "to prevent my guests from experiencing the discomfort of the evening dew." This might have been expected to provoke a new French Revolution but in fact it didn't. It merely helped to hasten the bankruptcy of Boni de Castellane.

Since the First World War there have been few entertainments on this scale, but even after the Second War they were not entirely impossible, for it is little more than five years ago that the Grand Canal in Venice was startled by the arrival of all the guests invited to the Bestigui Palazzo to enjoy what must surely have been one of the most splendid fêtes of modern times.





Above: In Ottawa the Queen, accompanied by Col. A. J. Brooks, met Air Marshal Leckie, Gen. H. Crerar and Rear-Admiral Frank Loughton, before placing a wreath on the War Memorial

Below: A Canadian Mounted Policeman saluted his Queen as she left Christ Church Cathedral in Ottawa with the Rector, the Rev. J. O. Anderson, after attending Divine service Sunday morning

THE QUEEN OF CANADA VISITS HER SUBJECTS

THE STATE VISIT of the Queen and Prince Philip to the United States was preceded by a short but happy stay in Canada. During these few days Her Majesty met many Canadians personally and was seen by many thousands more through the medium of television. History was made at the climax of the Royal couple's stay when Her Majesty opened the Canadian Parliament and made the speech from the Throne; she was the first reigning British Monarch ever to do this



Her Majesty wearing the magnificent Coronation gown in which she opened the Parliament





The Queen and Prince Philip driving from Government House to the Parliament Buildings amid the music of bands and the pealing of bells. Below: The scene in the Canadian Senate when Her Majesty opened Canada's Parliament



The Queen, wearing the magnificent "maple-leaf" dress, is seen with the Governor-General, Mr. Vincent Massey, receiving Chief Justice P. Kerwin at the State Reception



The Governor-General, Mr. Vincent Massey, escorting the Queen when she arrived at Government House for her stay in Ottawa



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*Sir John Taylor, Lady Taylor, Mr. J. Ogilvie Rennie
and Mrs. Ogilvie Rennie*

AN EMBASSY RECEPTION

H.E. THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR in London, the Duque de Primo de Rivera, gave a reception at the Embassy in Belgrave Square to over 300 guests. Above: Lady George Scott and the Duchess of Argyll



*Mrs. H. Greville-Bell and the
Spanish Ambassador*

*Mr. George Bijur talking to
Lady Melchett*



*Sir John Balfour and Senora
Thomen*

*Mr. Ingress Bell, Q.C., M.P.,
and Mrs. Bell*

*Mr. Gordon Clunes with Mrs.
Clunes*

*Mrs. V. Cavendish-Bentinck
and the Italian Ambassador*

*Lady Kelly, Sir Gerald Kelly and the
Hon. Mrs. Philip de Zulueta*

*Mr. Patrick Stirling, Mrs. Stirling and
Sir Charles Petrie*

*Capt. and Mrs. B. Moritan Colman
from the Argentine*

Van Hallan





Miss Izme Vickers with Mr. Bernard Adams by his painting "Constant Companions"

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R.O.I. PRIVATE VIEW

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE of Oil Painters' Exhibition at the R.I. Galleries in Piccadilly will be open until November 7. Above: Mrs. Hall and Mr. Clifford Hall beside his painting "Lulworth"



Miss Annabel Bain and Miss Marigold Sanderson

Mrs. I. Ainsworth-Davis and Mrs. Tindale Davis



Mr. Don Lynch, Mrs. M. Mammatt and Mr. Hugh Boycott Brown

Sir Alexander Cadogan, Mr. Gerald Moira, President of the R.O.I., and Lady Cadogan



Mr. Iain Macnab discusses "Chelsea Reach" with its artist, Miss Margaret Niven

Mr. Stanley Grimm, Mme. and M. de Souza Pascoal

Mr. Ben Mathews was with Mrs. Iain Macnab

Van Hallan



MARCH OF THE SOLO SISTERHOOD

NONE of Ruth Draper's successors (what a talented progeny these women solo performers are!) appeals as irresistibly as Miss Joyce Grenfell to what Victorians were pleased to call The Sex. She is the darling of the women. If the entire male population of these islands took off for the moon her drawing power would be affected hardly at all. The true fans would still flock to see themselves reflected in her sedulous mimicry and exchange masonic smiles as the sharp little nail came quickly out of the soft furry paw to inflict the wounding scratch.

It is this single-minded preoccupation with femininity—and with a pretty well defined type of femininity—that marks Miss Grenfell off from other entertainers of her kind. The Draper herself ranged from aristocratic old English ladies to Milan nuns, from Irish peasant women to French actresses. She opened a view of life at least as wide as that of a smart cosmopolitan magazine and she peopled her stage with men as well as women. The acidly reserved American existed as vividly in our minds as either his wife or his devastatingly efficient secretary.

ANOTHER disease who moves freely in and out of the world of women is Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner. Her intuitive feeling for the masculine mind is very strong. When she dresses up as the various loves of Charles the Second each impersonation is a serious and sustained study of character, but the invisible Charles grows in reality with every mistress impersonated. Miss Skinner uses the same oblique method of projection when she comes to portray the tragic queens of Henry the Eighth. The women are what they are because the king is what he is, and a summary of the series of character sketches of women would come out as a comment on a man.

Miss Grenfell catches her women at moments when they have escaped from their men and are well meaningly set on the path of strictly feminine duty as committee chairwoman, school-teacher, choral singer or what not. All sensible women know from experience that this path is paved with good intentions and that one false step is bound to land the over-enthusiastic and the over-confident into absurdity. What delights them is that Miss Grenfell knows exactly where, when and how this false step is likely to be taken. The lady showing her historic house to television viewers is trying hard to make a good professional job of the assignment. Well and good; but since the water-colour sketches of hollyhocks done by her aunt naturally mean a great deal more to her than the Vermeers and Rembrandts, the poor dear is soon making a fool of herself.

ALL women should cultivate graceful manners, but to overdo the refinement is to become a spectacle as painful as the lady superintendent at a progressive school sweetly reproaching the awful child with "George, dear, we don't do that, do we?" and running into pandemonium. It is well to make a teatime visitor at home but to try too madly is almost worse than not trying at all. To go round after the concert to congratulate the pianist on his recital is jolly nice (especially if one is there on a complimentary ticket), but Miss Grenfell shows several ways of how not to do it; and in each instance the pianist's righteous resentment comes up against the dead-eyed simper that indicates an impenetrable defence.

In detail all the sketches at the Lyric, Hammersmith, show Miss Grenfell as well inspired as ever and she seems an even more accomplished singer than she was, but she has not now as she had in her last show a trio of accomplished dancers to set off her witty trifles. The effect is to remind us too insistently how small her range really is. Miss Anna Russell has the whole world of music to turn topsy-turvy, Miss Beatrice Lillie seems hardly to bother as to which of mankind's pet lunacies she chooses to hold up briefly to a disdain which is always mischievous and often positively lethal; but Miss Grenfell, who confines herself to upper middle-class aunts and cousins, needs a stronger contrast than an excellent pianist to set off her always endearing cleverness.



MISS JOYCE GRENFELL at the Lyric, Hammersmith, pin-points again, with great exactness, these feminine weaknesses which her eyes and ears spot so unerringly in the contemporary scene



A COMPANION in arms in satire is Miss Beatrice Lillie. Like Miss Grenfell, she has conquered discriminating audiences on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. Drawings by Glan Williams

A singer of famous rôles

Joseph Satariano, leading baritone in the Carl Rosa Opera Company, is seen (right) as the tragic clown Tonio in "*I Pagliacci*"



Houston Rogers



THE Carl Rosa Opera Company is now in the middle of its autumn season, and accompanying them as a leading baritone, as he has done now for many years, is Joseph Satariano. He is seen here in two aspects, on and off the stage. Born in Malta, but trained in Italy, he made his début in Milan at the Teatro del Carcano in *I Pagliacci*, and in the same season he sang in *Ballo In Maschera* and *Lohengrin*. After this all the principal opera houses in Italy were open to him, while with the Melba Opera Company he visited Australia. During these crowded years the singer took over sixty rôles. Satariano was unfortunate in that just after he had been engaged under contract to sing several of the principal rôles at La Scala, Milan, the Abyssinian War crises led to the contract's cancellation. After this, in 1938, Satariano arrived in England. When Mrs. H. B. Phillips, then owner of the Carl Rosa Company, now its Artistic Director, had heard him sing she engaged him, provided he could undertake *Rigoletto* in English. In a very short time he joined the company, and he is now one of its oldest members. In spite of his long absences, first in Italy, and then in this country, Satariano has always retained an abiding affection for his native Malta, returning there often during the intermissions in the Carl Rosa Opera Company's seasons.

JOINT HUNTER TRIALS IN CHESHIRE

THE CHESTER GARRISON AND THE CHESHIRE HUNT held their Hunter Trials at Saighton, near Chester, this month. The programme included a well-entered Novice event, an Individual Open event, and a competition for pairs from various hunts and units



Miss Ailsa Smith-Maxwell, Col. J. Smith-Maxwell and Lady Margaret Myddelton



Miss Susan Morris on Maresydotes and Miss Gillian Morris on Lance Gay of the Cheshire Hunt



The Countess of Rocksavage on Sar-Bibby's Mayfly in the Individual C



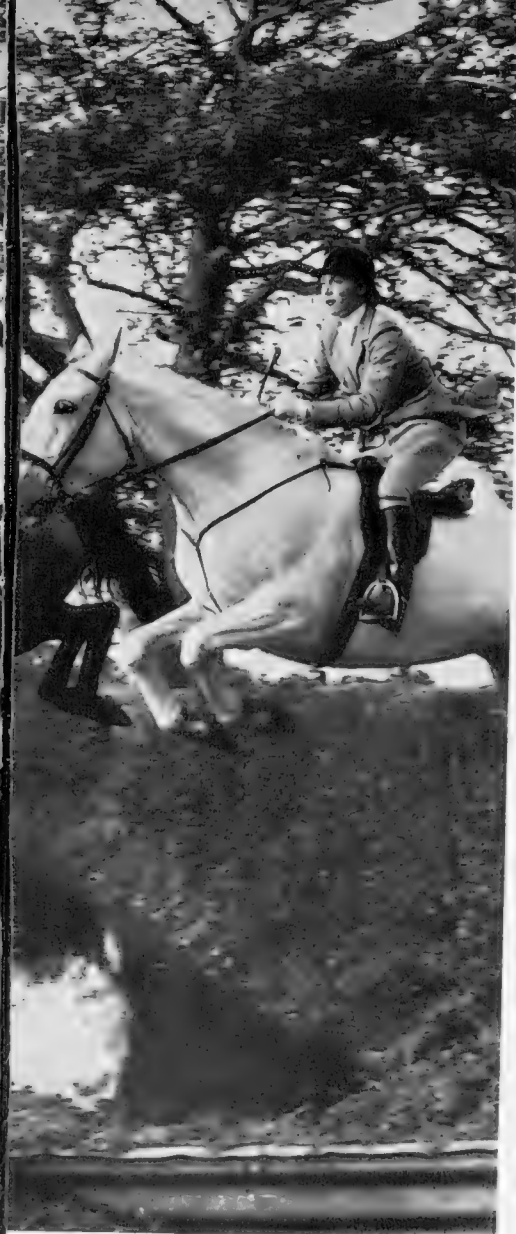
Mr. Mark Barlow on Equinox talking to Mrs. Laurie Minton



Mrs. H. A. Bromilow in conversation with Lady Lowther



Lady Kenyon with Mr. A. D. Patterson and Vanda and John Patterson



and Mr. R. J. O'Neill on Mrs. H. H.
won by the Countess of Rocksavage



Miss Fiona Myddelton on Ping-Pong and Lt.-Col. R. Myddelton on Clunie
represented the Wynnstay Hunt in the Pairs competition

Van Hallan



F. M. Beale, Lt.-Col. F. M. Beale
and Col. G. H. Grosvenor



Miss S. Mouldsdaie and the Hon. Jane Lever,
daughter of Viscount Leverhulme



Miss Jane Christopher, Miss Sarah Salmon
and Miss Diana Smith



CARY GRANT takes the part, in *The Pride And The Passion*, of Capt. Trumbull, an English naval officer, whose task it is to safeguard a huge cannon from falling into the hands of the French



COLIN PETERSEN plays the young wild one who is looked after by foster-parents in *The Scamp*, in which he is seen above with Maureen Delaney. Richard Attenborough stars in the film

At the Pictures

MISS LOREN JOINS THE GUNNERS

THE actors and actresses who dread appearing in films with children and animals should take a look at *The Pride And The Passion*, from which they will gather that an inanimate object can prove equally effective as a picture stealer. Mr. Cary Grant, usually so agreeably relaxed, Mr. Frank Sinatra, an able player of the naturalistic school, and Signorina Sophia Loren, hitherto as splendidly uninhibited as Signorina Anna Magnani, seem to have been shocked rigid at the prospect of competing for audience interest with a giant cannon weighing, if my memory serves me correctly, fifty tons. Never have three such talented artists given three such stilted performances.

Based on Mr. C. S. Forester's novel, *The Gun*, and produced and directed by the intelligent Mr. Stanley Kramer, the film is set in Spain in the year 1810. The Spanish army, defeated by Napoleon's troops, has abandoned its tremendous cannon, the biggest ever made: it lies at the bottom of a deep ravine—its whereabouts known only to the leader (Mr. Sinatra) of the guerilleros who doggedly continue to fight the French.

A British naval officer (Mr. Grant), arriving in Spain under orders to keep the great gun out of French hands and bring it to Santander, is "persuaded" by Mr. Sinatra and his glowering girl-friend, Signorina Loren, to let them use it first to breach the walls of Avila, a French-held town hundreds of miles away. From then on, the cannon dominates the picture, acquiring a personality of its own as the long trek goes on.

HIDDEN under leafy camouflage past which the curiously unobservant French cavalry briskly trot, hauled to a hilltop by mule-teams and a thousand sweating peasants, careering—a runaway monster—down the steep slope on the far side, plunging across rivers, creeping on muffled wheels through a mountain gorge, lurking momentarily and incongruously in the quiet gloom of a cathedral, and at last confidently confronting the French garrison at Avila—it is the gun, and the gun only, that matters.

Beside this magnificent piece of ordnance, the human beings are dwarfed into insignificance and the triangular romance between the stars becomes a triviality. Though Mr. Grant occasionally essays a show of dignity, and La Loren sombrely flashes her eyes and teeth, and Mr. Sinatra displays a rather nasty temper, the three of them seem painfully aware that they are really no more than slaves of the gun—and they speak their somewhat difficult and unpersuasive dialogue in deadish voices.

Faint, but pursuing, I, too, slavishly followed the gun across the Spanish countryside—admiring the beautiful Technicolor/VistaVision landscapes, with their strange rock formations and eerie windmills, and applauding Mr. Kramer's masterly handling of his crowd scenes. But in the end I couldn't help feeling that this director's indubitable talent is better suited to more closely-knit dramatic situations—situations such as those that arose in his *High Noon* and *The Caine Mutiny*.

To justify the adult actor's abhorrence of child players, eleven-year-old Colin Petersen—the turnip-faced Australian urchin who created the title rôle in Mr. Moore Raymond's *Smiley*—acts all the grown-ups clean off the screen in *The Scamp*. There is no doubt at all that he is acting: he is quite obviously aware of the effect he wants to make—and, furthermore, he is fully capable of making it. His superb performance compensates for the film's essential mediocrity.

Master Petersen, as the motherless, neglected, turbulent son of a ne'er-do-well vaudeville artist (Mr. Terence Morgan), is



Cornel Lucas

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

BARRY FITZGERALD, an actor from the Dublin theatre of the twenties, is spending the winter in Europe for the first time for 20 years to make *Rooney*, a romantic comedy about a Dublin dustman pursued by amorous ladies

befriended by a nice suburban schoolmaster (Mr. Richard Attenborough) and his doctor wife (Miss Dorothy Alison). The couple offer to look after the boy while his father is on tour abroad. Their efforts to "civilize" him are pretty successful but every now and then he gets into some terrible scrape—and he's in trouble with the police at the moment when Mr. Morgan returns, after a year's absence, to reclaim him.

The father assures a Juvenile Court that *he* knows how to deal with his son and is allowed to have him back. Mr. Morgan, now looking prosperous, has acquired a wife (pretty Miss Jill Adams), a public house, a marked weakness for strong liquor and an unpleasant habit of bashing people about. During a particularly ugly domestic fracas, Master Petersen ups with a heavy glass ash-tray and bashes Mr. Morgan right back—and the next thing you know, the little boy is on that sympathetic Mr. Attenborough's doorstep sobbing out that he's killed his father.

Mr. Morgan is dead, all right—but since it's highly unlikely that the Censor would give an "A" Certificate to a film in which a child actually did bump off its parent, I was fairly confident that all this would eventually be cleared up: and it is—though not very satisfactorily. The film has been adequately directed by its author, Mr. Wolf Rilla. Mr. Attenborough bravely attempts to hold his own—but even he stands very little chance

against Master Petersen who seems to me (as he would express himself) a ruddy marvel.

Prisoner-of-war escape stories tend to follow a fairly conventional pattern—perhaps because there are only a certain number of ways in which prisoners *can* escape. What lends a little additional interest to *The One That Got Away* is that it is the true story of Oberleutnant Fritz von Werra, the only German prisoner of war taken in Britain who succeeded in escaping and returning to Germany.

THE Oberleutnant, described as a mixture of bombast and pure nerve and played by Herr Hardy Kruger on those lines, did not actually make his get-away from this country though he tried twice—coming, on the second occasion, as near as a toucher to stealing a Hurricane.

It was in Canada, en route for a remote prison camp, that he managed to slip away. The scenes in which he throws himself from the window of a fast-moving train, crosses a vast stretch of snow-covered country and the ice-bound St. Lawrence river, and reaches the then neutral United States are genuinely exciting. A good all-male cast has been efficiently directed by Mr. Roy Baker.

—Elspeth Grant

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

CRACKS ACROSS THE
VICTORIAN FACADE

SUSAN TWEEDSMUIR's novel, **Cousin Harriet** (Duckworth, 12s. 6d.), is Victorian in setting—but not in spirit. 1875 is the opening year, and a noble, remote English country house the scene. Early frost has blackened the dahlias in the October garden, and seems likewise to have settled upon the life of our heroine, Lady Harriet Waveney—who, herself, relates a disturbing story. Still young, she is of a sedateness beyond her years. Only child and latterly sole companion of an invalid father, she shares the old earl's twilight, housekeeps impeccably, and has but one outlet: letter-writing—to which is added, later, the keeping of a tense diary. Her dear confidante is her friend Victoria, now in Rome, where her father is ambassador.

Little of what Harriet tells Victoria, at the start, suggests an impending crisis. True, it appears, to the type of her class and time, the writer pictures daily monotony, only lit by the play of her own fancy—she is honest, tender, sensitive and observant: withal, she is eminently a “sheltered” woman. Why should fate single Lady Harriet out to grapple with primitive disaster? Under the bland, well-to-do Victorian surface surged disgraces, improprieties, sheerest crudities! At those, no novelist popular in that day would have dared to do more than hint—skating around or over the facts of life was (by agreement) brought to a fine art. The worst *might* occur, but not in polite society!

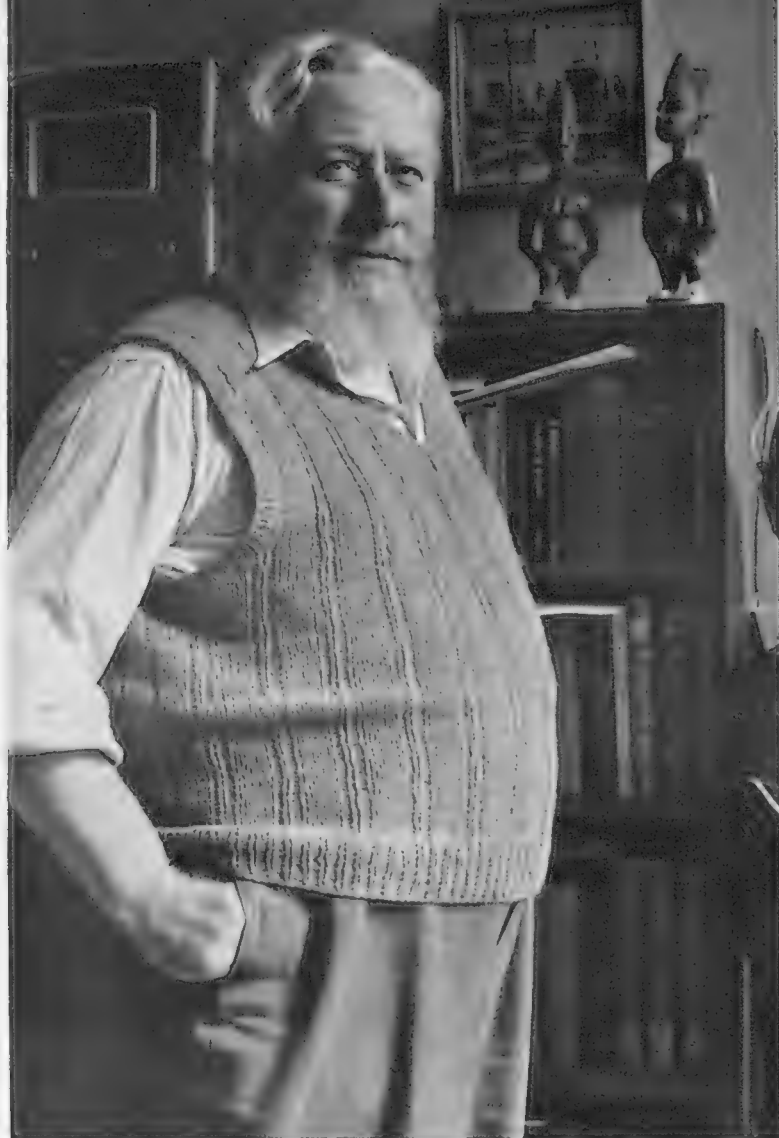
YET, “the worst” impacted on Lady Harriet in the form of a terrified young cousin—little Charlotte Waveney, who up to now had seemed no more than a skittish, moneyless empty-head. Charlotte, having invited herself to stay, bursts into tears at midnight, confesses all. Not only is she going to have a baby, but the father is. . . . Twice over, scandal threatens the Waveney family: rakish, too-agreeable Francis Cherville is not only near neighbour but close relative.

What are to be Harriet's reactions?—what can she do for poor Charlotte, *how* can she do it? Susan Lady Tweedsmuir's insight into her heroine's mind, emotions and spring of behaviour is quite remarkable. She both gives the ordeal its full force and shows the strange *extra* strength (born of anger and pity) by which Harriet is able to surmount it. At no time is her heroine “out of character,” yet she rises to non-Victorian epic heights. Best of all, the ice round her own life melts. Would that more women of that now vanished day had been diagnosed as modernly, and as truly—too often, their existences seem “unreal” to us. *Cousin Harriet* adds to its other merits deep background and thoroughly well-built plot.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER “period piece,” of a different nature, is Ursula Bloom's **The Elegant Edwardian** (Hutchinson, 15s.). Hardly can one call this autobiography, for Miss Bloom's own childish memories are merged into her portrait of a delightful father—the Rev. Harvey Bloom, then rector of Whitchurch, near Stratford on Avon. And linked with Harvey is Polly, his vivacious, clear-eyed, sometimes impatient wife. These two appear as characters, not mere parents, and we watch their career, their stylish ingenious poverty (bicycle rides to country house dinner parties, Polly decked out in finery sent for rummage sales) throughout the sunshiny reign of Edward VII.

Nobody could have invented the Bloom household: we are grateful to one of the children it put forth for recalling it not only fondly but clearly. *Could* there be such idiosyncrasies, outside England? Also let us praise this Warwickshire pastoral, full of cricket, regattas and so forth. *The Elegant Edwardian* features, too, the Bard of Avon's successor, Marie Corelli: the comicalities



ROBERT GIBBINGS has just published *Till I End My Song* (Dent, 25s.), a description of the middle Thames illustrated with his own wood engravings



ROSA GALLICA, one of Charles Raymond's illustrations to *Old Garden Roses*, by Wilfrid Blunt and James Russell (George Rainbird, £7 7s.)



ELOISE, a child of fearful enterprise, describes her day to day life in *Eloise* by Kay Thompson, illustrated by Hilary Knight (Max Reinhardt, 12s. 6d.)

What literary lady of the rotund tiny form and towering rages here by now a touch of pathos about them. Relations between Miss Corelli and Harvey Bloom began too glowingly, only to end in thunder—alas, little Ursula is an *enfant terrible*!

Other squabbles and crises, clerical or "county," diversify these enjoyable pages. Miss Bloom has hit off not only the costume, slang, manners in general, hobbies and crazes of the Edwardian period but its psychology really extremely well. I wonder if perhaps she has overdone the *background* social history: since we have had before, owing to the present craze for Edwardianism. Her close-up real life, so clear-cut, seems to me worth many generalizations! *The Elegant Edwardian* is adorned with vivacious "period" drawings by Frank Martin.

★ ★ ★

How well it ought to be possible to write, when one is young—yet how rarely does fresh and direct sensation find for itself the language it requires! *Aubade*, a short novel by Kenneth Martin (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.), is about a boy of sixteen, and by a boy of sixteen—that is, the author was that age when he wrote it last year. I should hate to associate this book, with its blended veins of austerity and poetry, in any way with the present-day vogue for prodigies. Kenneth Martin, whose full powers I feel sure have yet to unfold, is in no way precocious. He has begun earlier than do most writers; already he is better than many; and judging by the evidence of *Aubade*, it should be his destiny to be better still.

The central figure, Paul Anderson, lives in a yellow house with a sea view, outside a semi-resort town—possibly (though this is not stated) in the North of Ireland, where lives the author. He is the only child of an angry, somewhat desperate, ambitious mother, and weak and equally angry father. The action of the story takes place within a hot summer holiday week, during which Paul breaks with one friend, Bryan, has a dreary, showing-off, unconvincing adventure with a girl, Rosemary, and sees through to the end, without loss of fundamental innocence, a relationship with a medical student, Gary. Paul's ignominious father dies, leaving behind him more feeling than he could command in life: *Aubade* ends with Paul watching, through a window of his home, a ship make towards the horizon: it carries Gary... *Aubade* resolves the mixed and complex emotions of adolescence into the timeless purity of art. Most books about such years come from the pressure of emotional memory: Kenneth Martin writes from the very heart of them.



"THE ROE DEER HUNT" is one of the tapestries formerly at Chatsworth and now on show at the Victoria and Albert Museum



FRANCIS HAYMAN'S painting of David Garrick and Hannah Pritchard is reproduced in *A Picture History Of The British Theatre* by Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson (Hulton Press, 30s.)

RENE DE BUCK in the twin-camshaft, 2-litre Ballot of 1925. A picture in *The Sports Car* by John Stanford (Batsford, 25s.)







Michel Molina

THIS week we show a selection of coats suitable for the coming frosts and fogs. Bickler's full wide-flaring coat in black and white blended wool (left) has low slanting pockets and double row buttoning; the velvet inset collar is placed wide at the neck. 11½ guineas, at Dickins and Jones, Waymarks of Tunbridge Wells. Backswept cloche by Janine Hardy. Above: A half-belted casual top coat in a deep tan suede type fabric, spot resistant and showerproof. It has a pile fabric lining. Price 13½ gns. at Harvey Nichols Little Shop

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

COATS TO FACE WINTER WINDS



MODEL COAT in brown and black tweed by Nina Ricci. Simple in design, it is the epitome of the present Paris line. It is collarless and is moulded close to the front of the body, but swings out full and loose at the back. Made to order in other fabrics, including velvet, it is available at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. The hat is from their Model Millinery Department

SUIT of mushroom coloured French wool by Bradley (below). The very slender skirt is topped by a threequarter length jacket with a loose, straight back and self-belted front. The lining of the hood and cuffs is in toning Chinese lamb



Michel Molinare

RAGLAN SHAPED coat in brown and white blended wool tweed by Bickler (above). It has a snug fringe-end scarf knotting high around the neck and a fur fabric lining. This coat costs 14 gns. at Dickins and Jones, and Waymarks, Tunbridge Wells. Hat by Janine Hardy. Photographs taken at the Wembley Greyhound Stadium

A MAUVE and black otterburn tweed coat by Lyndale. The hood, when not needed, folds neatly back to make an attractive wide curving shawl collar, giving extra warmth across the shoulders. Price 17½ guineas in cherry/black, sherry/black at Peter Robinson





Michel Molinare

WRAP-AROUND coat of Silva-sheen coloured wool and mohair by Alexon. It is generously cut and has wide cuffed sleeves and a warmly enveloping collar of phantom beaver. This coat costs 35 guineas, in carbon, moss, oakapple and stone, black and natural, and comes from Channele of London and Bournemouth





Brian Kirtle

COUTURE IN SCOTLAND

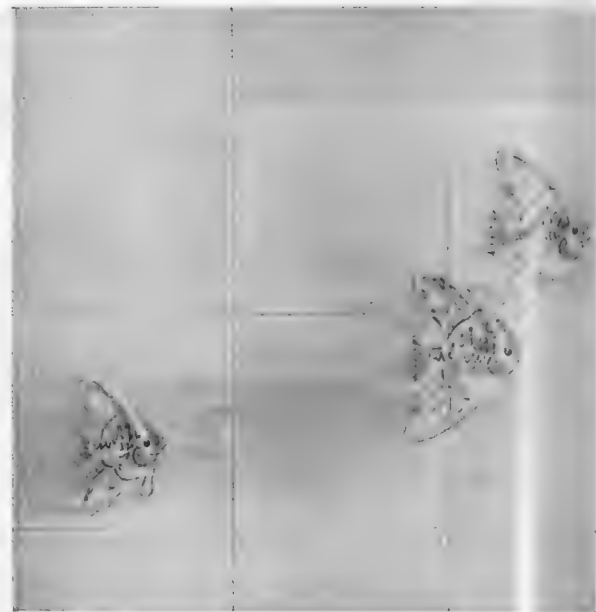
THE three-piece suit in double-knit jersey shown here comes from Jenners of Edinburgh, and has the easy undefined elegance of a Chanel design, reminiscent of the thirties. It is the ideal indoor-outdoor outfit for autumn and the early winter, and the number of occasions for which it could be used would almost defy cataloguing. The narrow skirt and loose cardigan-style jacket are in the new mink brown shade, and the jacket is bound in matching satin. The classic sweater (right) in natural coloured jersey tones softly with the skirt and jacket. The three-piece costs in all £31 19s. 6d. The back-of-the-head beret—a great favourite this autumn—is in mink coloured stitched velvet with a face-framing petersham band, £6 3s. 6d. The French bag of baby crocodile (left) is kid lined and costs £45 10s. All at Jenners

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

Modern bathroom glamour



Baths, once curiously shaped containers, are now most carefully designed. Above is one from John Bolding and Sons, Davies Street, W.1., priced at £87 14s., which is outstanding for smooth, most pleasing elegance



These glazed tiles depicting tropical fish should make bath-time attractive for any child. They cost 13s. 6d. each from John Bolding and Sons, Davies St., W.



Marble topped wash basin with cupboard is priced at approximately £200. Electric towel airer, £21 10s. John Bolding. Two Christie towels, bath size, £1 3s. 6d., hand, 11s. 6d. All from Debenham and Freebody



This shower cabinet with chromium plated finish and $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. polished plate glass door costs £105. The "Rada" thermostatic mixing valve with shower, £28 1s. 6d., soap holder, £1 0s. 6d., priced to requirements. W. N. Froy and Sons

ONCE the most neglected room in the house, the bathroom today, with such specialized equipment as is shown here, is often a focal point of pride for the hostess
—JEAN CLELAND



Face flannels, 9s. 6d. each; cotton wool holder, 15s. 6d.; bath brush, £1 19s. 6d.; and Guerlain's No. 90 Eau-de-Cologne, £7 15s. 3d. for large size, and £4 12s. small. Marshall and Snelgrove

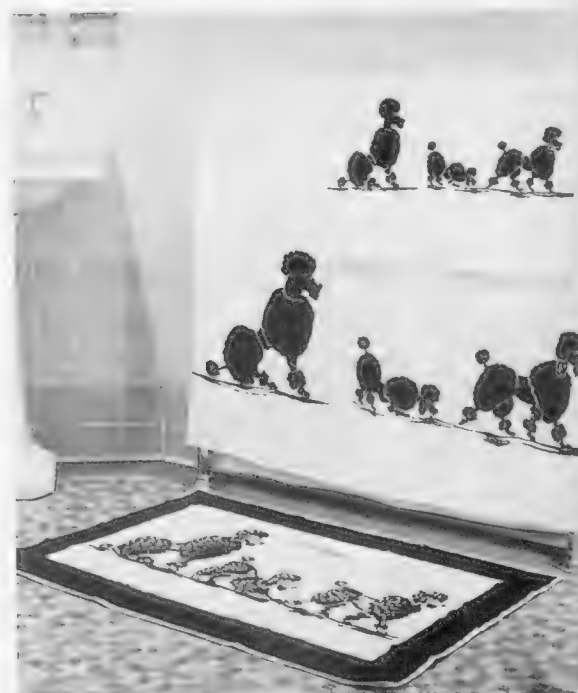


Dennis Smith

A Porcelain de Paris pedestal make-up table with a painted design of flowers and roses, priced £52 10s. The toilet water bottle costs £5 15s. Two smaller sizes are available, price £4 5s. and £3 15s. respectively. Asprey and Co., Bond St.



The "Hadrian" bath costs £105 15s. Vitreous china pedestal basin, £19 14s. 9d. Symphonic close-coupled suite, £29 19s. 9d. Mirror, £16 17s. 9d., with p.t. Electric light fittings, £4 9s. 6d. Dimplex C.P. oil-filled towel rail, £17 12s. 6d. Bath tray, £2 17s. W. N. Froy



These Horrockses poodle design towels and bath mat are sold by Debenham and Freebody. The prices: hand towel, 12s. 9d., bath, £1 9s. 6d., bath mat, £1 7s. 6d.

Banish dry skin!

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START by cleansing your skin with Helena Rubinstein's nourishing PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM SPECIAL. This is a rich blend of emollients, specially formulated for dry skin. As you work it over your face and neck, it sinks deep into the pores, seeking out every speck of dirt and make-up . . . melting away all signs of flakiness . . . leaving your skin spotlessly clean, soft and supple. PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM SPECIAL, 9/-



THE NEXT STEP is to nourish your skin with Helena Rubinstein's youthifying PERFECTION CREAM, rich in soothing oils and herbal extracts that are especially beneficial to tired, dry skins. Pat it on after you have cleansed your face and neck—and leave it on to work for you overnight. As your facial muscles relax in sleep, it sinks deep into your skin . . . feeding back precious oils to thirsty tissues and parched skin areas—ensuring that you wake to find your skin revitalised, soft and supple. PERFECTION CREAM 10/-

FINALLY, enhance the newly-found beauty of your skin with Helena Rubinstein's real silk make-up. First, smooth on SILK-TONE FOUNDATION SPECIAL—a creamy liquid foundation that covers beautifully, holds powder tenaciously, never dries out. Then powder with real SILK FACE POWDER—actually made from pure atomized silk. SILK FACE POWDER clings as no other powder can—by sheer natural affinity to your skin. It allows your skin to breathe naturally, cannot dry out, cake or clog . . . ensures a smooth and flawless complexion, ever dewy, never dry! SILK-TONE FOUNDATION SPECIAL 10/6. SILK FACE POWDER in crystal box, 11/6. Refills, 8/3



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A Woman in the Garden

GREENHOUSE BLUEPRINTS

EVER since I first had a garden I have known that much more fun and a good deal more profit could be got from our labours if I had a heated greenhouse and some frames.

For years I had my ideas fixed on a greenhouse—not too large, say 12 ft. by 8 ft. or, better still, 14 ft. by 10 ft., but I had enough sense to know that the smallest model, 10 ft. by 6 ft., was quite uneconomic because in every greenhouse there has to be a path at least 2 ft. wide, and with such a path there is very little space left for growing plants. It is always a good thing to buy the widest greenhouse one can find because the price does not increase outrageously with the increased width. The test to apply to any greenhouse, or for that matter to a frame or a cloche, is to work out the cost per square foot of growing area covered by glass.

But I realize now that buying the greenhouse first is not the best way to go to work if one's funds are limited. A greenhouse is not very much use unless one has quite a few frames to accommodate all the seedlings and young plants that are propagated in the greenhouse.

The sensible way is to buy one or two frames to start with. Then the next thing is to install some kind of heating in one of the frames so that it can be kept free from frost. If electricity is not available we can do this with a small oil heater, but by far the best way of keeping a frame warm is to use some form of electric heating, either one of the small fan-assisted heaters or heavily insulated mains voltage cables fixed around the walls of the frame. Then, with an air-warmed frame and a cold frame, it is possible to raise seedlings of tomatoes and all the half-hardy or tender annual plants, move them into the cold frame and, when danger of frost is past, out into the garden.

But a greenhouse is much more fun and is the thing to aim at. With a greenhouse one can get some enjoyment out of gardening every day of the year, no matter what the weather may be.

IN this modern age, by far the simplest way to heat a greenhouse is electrically. Electric heating is entirely automatic and not expensive if a combination of soil warming and space heating is used. Plants will not grow happily in the winter months without a root temperature of 55 to 60 deg. F. If soil warming cables are installed on the benches or in the border the air temperature may be kept at 45 deg. F. night minimum while the roots are growing happily at 55 to 60 deg. F. The running costs at 45 deg. F. are about a quarter of what they would be at 60 deg. F. Any electricity showroom will produce the booklet *Electricity In The Garden* which gives all the details.

The traditional crops for the amateur greenhouse are tomatoes in the summer followed by chrysanthemums. But in the spring I cram every available shelf and corner with boxes of seedlings, and raise quite a few pot plants—pelargoniums, cyclamen, cinerarias, begonias, *Primula obconica* and other easily-grown flowers to bring into the house. With a soil warming cable under the bench I grow forced seakale, chicory and rhubarb in the depths of winter.

—Betty Hay



A new type of frame which moves on rollers and is tall enough to house chrysanthemum plants, if set on a six-inch brick or concrete base raising it from the ground



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of authority

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Bradleys

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

Bradleys coat of Emba "Autumn Haze" mink



Bee in a bonnet. Riche of Hay Hill created this delightfully feminine frivolity for a festive occasion to enhance his new "bee-line" coiffure

Beauty

Sleek as a wing

The bee in profile. Riche has created this silhouette by parting the hair diagonally across the top of the head, dressing to emphasize the style's two-tiered fullness



This "town sparrow" style by Riche (above) enhances the bob of the twenties with a new rounded fullness

In profile the "town sparrow" coiffure (right) is an alternative version of the more highly-wrought bee-line



ALTHOUGH at his recent show of new hair styles Riché displayed the flights of fancy one might expect from an artist with his imagination and creative gifts, these fancies were combined with a practicability that made them interesting.

A month or two ago I saw him after he had visited Paris, and asked him for a forecast about the coiffures we should be wearing for autumn and winter. He told me that hair would be either quite short, or long enough to twist up in to a chignon, and that there would be no half-measures. There would also be a strong accent on colour. And now he himself is helping to make this prediction come true.

His inspirations, taken from the birds and bees, indicated the latest trends in line and colour. His new line is that of the bee, and, having kept hives in our orchard on the top of the Chiltern Hills, I could see that this was very descriptive. The hair is full on the top and very sleek behind, smoothed right into the rounded shape of the head, like—as Riché described it—the back of a bee, or the curve of a wing.

Hair colourings and rinses, which are becoming increasingly popular, will, we were told, be brighter than hitherto, resembling (in some more extreme cases) the gay plumage of birds. This is where the practicability comes in. For people who want a touch of colour here and there to highlight the hair, Riché introduces little wisps of hair that can be added and worn, if so desired, just in the evening, or for some special occasion. An attractive example of this at the show was the style called "Little Miss Moorhen" in which tiny white feathers of hair were inserted at the back, to look like small white wings.

Another practical idea is one which you can see in the picture on this page. The flowers for evening wear are mounted on to a bandeau which just clips on to the daytime hair-do, transforming it straight away into a charming style to go with evening dress.

LEAVING the Riché show, I went to visit a friend who had been in bed with 'flu, and found her feeling very sorry for herself. Brushing aside my talk of hair styles, she asked a little peevishly, "Why don't you write an article giving some advice on how to deal with hair when you've been ill. Mine is too depressing. It's lank, there's no wave or curl left, and it smells fusty."

Since so many other people have been suffering from colds and 'flu just now, I feel that this is the moment when they too may be interested in some of the hints I was able to give to my friend.

For advice on the hair, I rang up Steiner of Grosvenor Street who, in addition to being one of the top hair stylists, is a first class trichologist. "Until the patient is sufficiently well to have her hair shampooed," he said, "the best thing she can do is to use a really good medicated lotion such as my D.C. Illness and high temperature cause lankness, and in addition to this there is often a rather unpleasant odour due to the glands not functioning properly. If the lotion is poured on to cotton wool and rubbed well into the scalp along small partings made all over the head it will destroy acids and impurities, and by so doing, cleanse the skin, remove the grease, and take away the lankness.

"As regards waves and curls, the hair can be given a make-shift set with little trouble. While it is still damp with the lotion, comb it smoothly and press the waves in with the fingers, then make little pin curls, and either secure them with hairpins or with little clips specially made for the purpose. Cover the head with a setting net to keep everything in place and let it dry naturally, which, since lotion has been used instead of water, will not take very long.

"Treatment such as this will revive the hair and keep it fresh until such time as it is possible to have a shampoo, when it is advisable to tell the hairdresser about having been ill, so that he may decide what is the best treatment for getting the hair quickly into good condition again."

MY own advice when one is depressed with one's looks after an illness is to try a new style. Anything to make a change, and give a lift to the morale. If a different style necessitates a new perm, bear in mind the yearly service which most of the leading hairdressers give now. For a yearly inclusive fee, you can have your hair permed as often as is necessary, or if a change of style requires the strengthening of an odd curl here and there with fresh perm, this, too, can be done as part of the service, which in the end, makes a considerable saving of money.

—Jean Cleland



Hill—Weld-Forester. Mr. Arthur Robin Ian Hill, son of the late Capt. Lord Francis Hill and of Lady Francis Hill, of Ebury Street, S.W.1, married the Hon. Juliet Weld-Forester, second daughter of Col. Lord and Lady Forester, of Willey Park, Broseley, at All Saints', Broseley, Shropshire



Dore—Muir-Menzies. Mr. John Bingham Whitehorn Dore, younger son of the late G/Capt. Alan Dore, and Mrs. Miele Dore, of Queen's Gate, S.W.7, married Miss Yvonne Muir-Menzies, elder daughter of the late Mr. R. Cameron-Menzies and the late Mrs. M. L. Williams, in Hong Kong



Taylor—Batt. Capt. Edward Brewster Taylor, son of Mr. Gerard Taylor and the late Mrs. Taylor, of Kingole, Larryn, Cornwall, married Miss Caroline Mary Batt, elder daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. William Batt, of Gresham Hall, Norwich, at St. Paul's Church, Onslow Square

RECENTLY MARRIED



Talbot Rice—Drummond. Mr. David Arthur Talbot Rice, son of the late Major Harry Talbot Rice and of the Hon. Mrs. Talbot Rice, of Lyonshall, Hereford, married Miss Annabella Frances Serena Drummond, daughter of the late Major Cyril Drummond and of Mrs. J. C. Quinnell, of Fawley, Hants, at All Saints', Fawley



Henry—Harrison. Mr. Hugh Richard Henry, second son of Brig. T. R. Henry, C.B.E., and Mrs. Henry, of Frinton-on-Sea, married Miss Rosalind Catherine Lovelace Harrison, only daughter of the late Rev. Edward Harrison, and Mrs. E. G. Tilley, of Ferncroft, Camberley, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy



Cookson—Haggie. Mr. Michael John Blencowe Cookson, eldest son of Lt.-Col. J. C. B. Cookson, of Meldon Park, Morpeth, and of Mrs. R. M. Fanshawe, of Tetbury, married Miss Rosemary Haggie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Haggie, of Red Hall, near Darlington, at St. Andrew's, Haughton-le-Skerne



Wroughton—MacLeod. Mr. Philip Lavallin Wroughton, son of Col. and Mrs. Michael Wroughton, of Woolley Park, Wantage, married Miss Catriona Henrietta Ishbel MacLeod, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacLeod, of Skeabost, Isle of Skye, at Horsham Parish Church



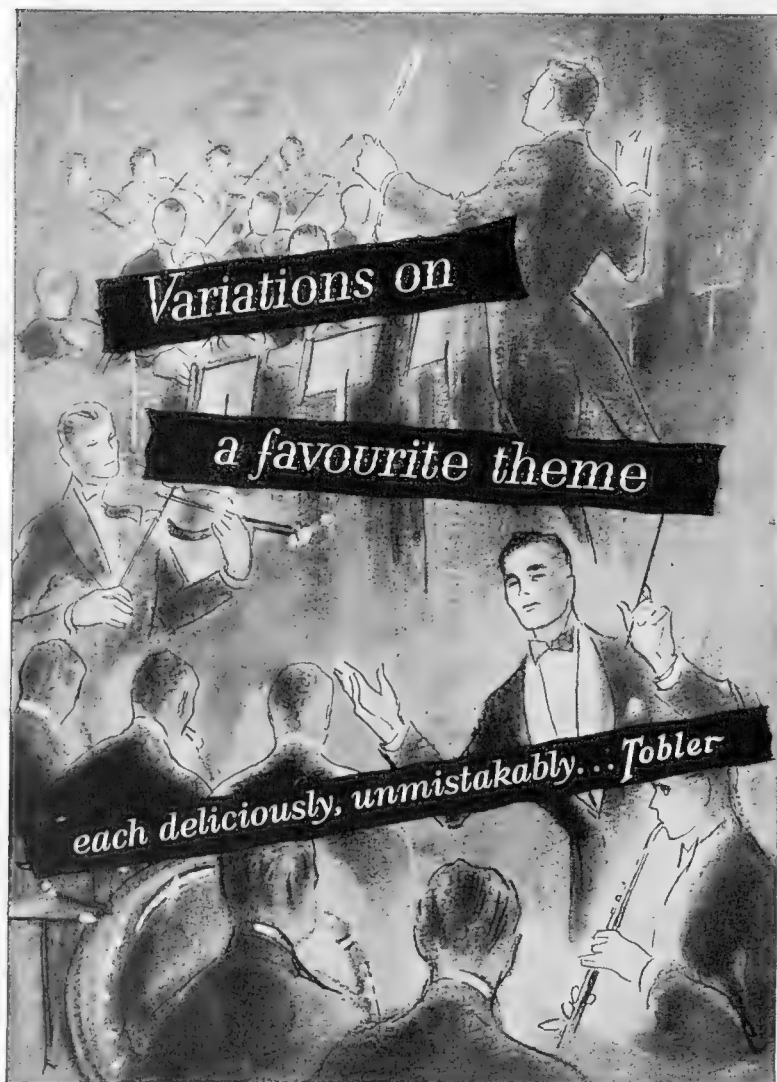
Cooper—Wilson. Mr. Richard Cooper, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Cooper, of Bullbeggars, Berkhamsted, married Miss Angela Wilson, daughter of the late Mrs. Marjorie Wilson and of Mr. Eric Wilson, of Oak Lea, Norton-on-Tees, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Butterwick—Roberts. Mr. Michael Willoughby Butterwick, son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. J. C. Butterwick, of Beaconsfield, married Miss Felicity Antonia Roberts, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. W. S. Roberts, of Cadogan Place, S.W.1, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Haworth—Clayton. Mr. D. R. Haworth, only son of Mr. J. Haworth and the late Mrs. Muriel Haworth, of Adel, near Leeds, married Miss Philippa Elise Clayton, daughter of Mrs. Stuart Hirst, of Craigside House, Grasmere, Westmorland, and the late Mr. W. Clayton, at Adel



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Miss Jill Davis, the youngest daughter of Mr. A. M. Davis, O.B.E., and Mrs. Davis, of Walton Street, London, S.W.3, is to be married to Mr. Myles Addington Pellew, the third son of Major and Mrs. F. Pellew, of Chudleigh, Devon



Miss Susanne Huband, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Huband, of Lockers Park, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, is engaged to Mr. Martin Maddan, M.P., youngest son of Mr. J. G. Maddan, C.B.E., and Mrs. Maddan, of West Malling, Kent

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Alice Valerie Gillespie, daughter of Lt.-Col. R. R. Gillespie, O.B.E., M.C., and Lady Heygate, of Bellarena, Co. Londonderry, is to marry Mr. Hugh James Montgomery, eldest son of the late Mr. J. A. J. Montgomery, and Mrs. Montgomery, of Benvarden, Dervock, Co. Antrim



Miss Angela Christine Ross, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. F. Ross, of Westbourne Crescent, Highfield, Southampton, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. John Hartley Beckett, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Beckett, of Belton, Whitchurch, Shropshire



The Hon. June Lisette May, only daughter of the late Lord May, and of Mrs. W. H. Hallam, of Peel Street, Kensington, W.8, is to marry Mr. Raymond Charles Lisser, only son of the late Mr. H. C. J. Lisser and of Mrs. E. G. Lisser, of Hyde Park Mansions, London, N.W.1



Miss Margaret Elizabeth Mellotte, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James H. Mellotte, of Fort House, Walton-on-Thames, is engaged to F/Lt. Gathorne Gibson, only son of Mr. Harold Gibson, M.C., M.A., and Mrs. Gibson, of Crumpeys, Lytchett Matravers, Dorset

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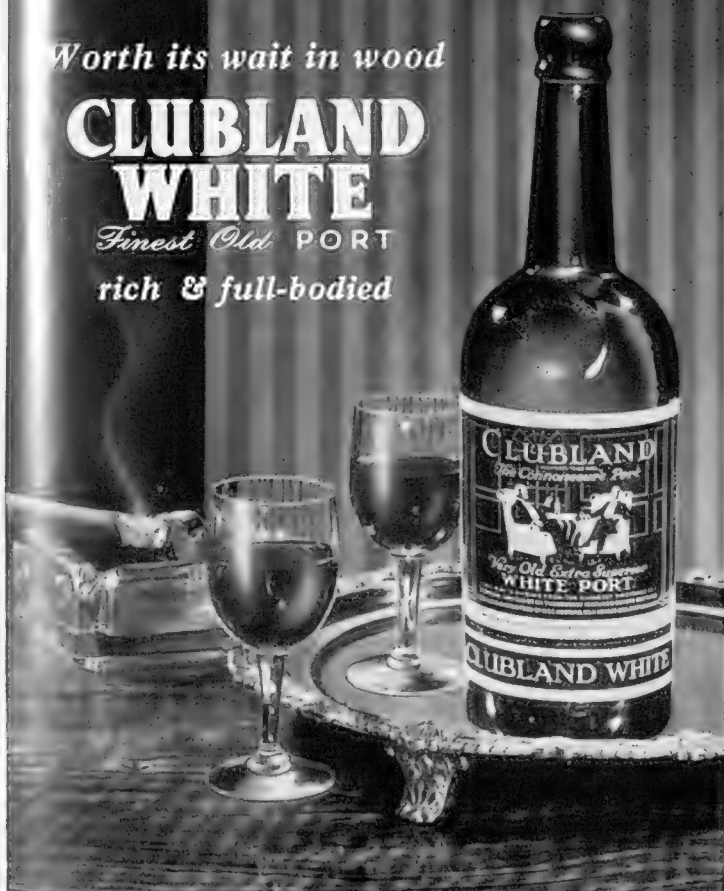
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MARTIN WALKER have adapted the Bedford Dormobile to a caravan version. It has when standing dining facilities for four and bunks for two, while headroom is made by a folding roof

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

THE INCREASE OF AUTOMATISM IN CARS

THE Paris motor show in the Grand Palais offered an interesting comparison with Earls Court. It underlined particularly the fact that Continental as well as British makers are concentrating upon middleweight cars. In Paris there were, for instance, the notable advances in automaticity; the Renault fluid drive, the many Ferlec-equipped small cars, the new Mercedes semi-automatic transmission. The objective was clear enough: to offer in the middle price group, cars which have the same control refinements as those in the higher price bracket.

In Paris I had my first chance of inspecting in detail the Renault drive, the "Transfluide." It is basically the same as many other semi-automatic transmission systems; that is, it has a hydraulic torque converter (which one might describe as an infinitely variable gearbox in which the gear wheels are replaced by swirling oil) with, superimposed upon it, an ordinary gearbox and clutch operated automatically, but with manual setting. In the Grand Palais the company had gone to enormous lengths to mount vivid displays to explain the working of this transmission.

British cars were not so well represented in Paris as in the past—there were three notable and much regretted abstentions—but the Rover Company was able to put the Rover semi-automatic transmission against the French one and to claim, first, that it had been in production longer and, second, that it incorporated an over-drive, bringing the "automaticity" and scope of the transmission to a higher level.

NOR must we forget that Borg-Warner are manufacturing a drive which incorporates a fluid torque converter and have been doing so in England for years. I reported on this effective semi-automatic transmission when I tried it some time ago and I then stated, in these columns, that it was a boon which had enhanced value in the heavy traffic conditions of the present day. Now, as we know, Borg-Warner have increased their range of British cars and the drive will be henceforth available in an important middle-price car which has won great popularity.

The Parisian public, connoisseurs of style, adored the DB III Aston Martin, with its new engine and its disk brakes at the front, and the new Beutler-bodied Bristol with the 2.2 litre engine and with disk brakes on all four wheels. The Aston Martin is a superb vehicle and is in the true 125 miles an hour class. The Bristol, I fear, is at the moment for export only. But it was a great draw in Paris.

A fuss was made of the new Japanese car which appeared in Paris; but I could find nothing which entitled it to especial notice on the technical side. It looks a little like a British Ford, and has a roomy four-door body with a large luggage boot and a bench front seat. Controls are normal, with steering column

mounted gear-change lever. The attraction of this car would be the price if it were to be sold in England, but on that subject I could obtain little realistic information. I was given a price in yen for delivery at the Japanese factory; but that has no sort of reference to the price that would be asked supposing it were possible to market the car in England.

FOR sheer technical ingenuity I would give a high place to the new Bedford Dormobile Caravan, making its first public appearance at Earls Court. The Vauxhall people tell me that the Dormobile Caravan is the first vehicle of its kind to be exhibited in the car section of the London show. Converted by Martin Walker from the Bedford 10/12 cwt. van, it has the 1½-litre engine and all-synchromesh gearbox used in the Vauxhall Victor.

The claim is that four people can live and eat in it comfortably for it is not only a bedroom, but also—the roof hinging upwards and outwards—a living-room, a dining-room and a kitchen! There are two full length beds, and a small tent is visualized if an entire family is to be accommodated. I must say that the ingenuity of the roof, windows, ventilating panels and fittings is impressive. Head room, with the roof up, is 6 ft. 11 in.

In running trim the vehicle is handy and easy to drive through traffic, having an overall length of only 12 ft. 10 in. and a turning circle of 35 ft. Another point to be noted is that no purchase tax is chargeable on the Dormobile Caravan, so that its total price (that is including the £435 for the van) works out at £725.

Finally, I revert again to the Paris show. The only new French car was the little Vespa. It is an admirable piece of work, with rear-mounted, two-stroke, blower-cooled engine. But I confess that Paris caused me some slight doubts about the size of the market for minimum motor cars. It may be a little smaller than was originally estimated, for, as becomes increasingly clear, it is the middle car that is in main demand.

The R.A.C. suggests...

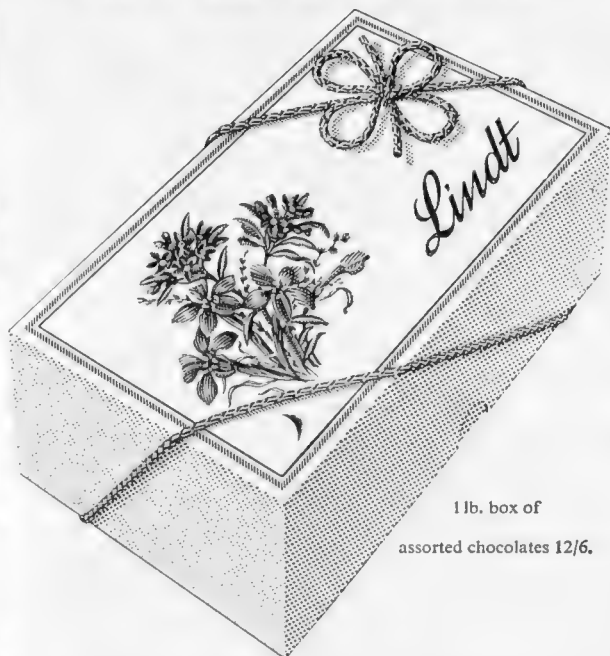
If radio- and TV-suppressors are fitted to your car and it is some time since they were installed, they should be checked to make certain that the leads have good contact with the internal contacts of the suppressor.

Usually suppressors are of the type which are constantly in motion due to the movement of the car. In consequence they are prone to work loose and the resulting poor connection will mean misfiring and poor starting.

Such misfiring is usually difficult to trace. If your car has been plagued with it recently, having its suppressor and H.T. leads checked may cure the trouble.

Lindt

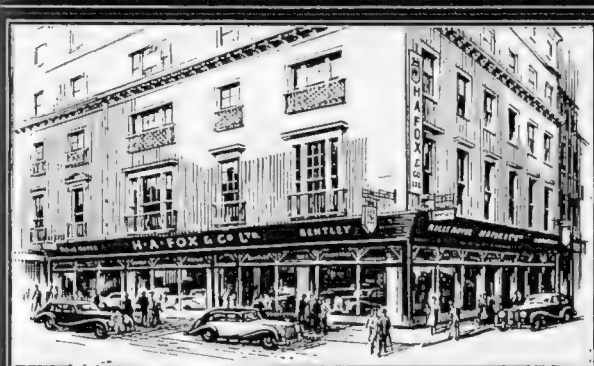
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DINING OUT

Delicate situations

IT does not often happen that, when one is dining in some exclusive restaurant or visiting some famous cellars, one finds oneself in a position of acute embarrassment. For this, after certain experiences of mine in the last week or two, I am extremely thankful.

First, there was my visit to the maturing cellars of the Grande Chartreuse with a party of some thirty people from ten different countries. At the end of a long line of enormous casks we came to two much smaller ones in a floodlit setting of their own and, to our surprise, a coloured photograph of Queen Elizabeth II of England was mounted on the cellar wall above them.

It was explained that the two casks contained the equivalent of eight hundred bottles of Green and Yellow Chartreuse and had been laid down by the Brotherhood at the time of the Coronation to celebrate the event. It was also explained that they would be allowed to mature for ten years, double the normal period, and then shipped to Mark Gilbey in London (who had brought over our party from England), in half bottles only, for distribution. I was amazed to find that some people were already reserving their half-bottle and even offering to pay in advance.

ALL this was very interesting until one of our hosts suddenly said in a loud, clear and commanding voice: "Please sing 'God Save The Queen.'" At once there were red faces and a stunned silence among the British. Mark Gilbey hurriedly explained that it would be a great embarrassment; that we could not sing; and that we had no music. But the request was repeated even more firmly, and to our confusion it was a Frenchman, Marcel Loiseau, who started to sing, followed by the rest of us, who I am relieved to say, got going with vigour by the time we reached the second verse.

My second embarrassment, a very personal one, happened when I was the guest of the Benedicts at the Mirabelle recently. The Benedicts—there are, I believe, sixteen of them—are a gallant band of people whose greatest pleasure in life is to gather from time to time and have a really

MR. R. M. SCOTT, managing director of Aug. Hellmers and Sons, the City shippers of German wine, at the lunch following their tasting, with the Rev. F. H. Smith, vicar of St. Paul's, Goodmayes



magnificent dinner, putting on dark green velvet dinner jackets with pale blue lapels in which to do so.

How magnificent these affairs are you can work out for yourself from the menu and the wines, which were as follows: *Les Amuse Geules*; *Les Huitres de Whitstable* (Chablis Fourchaume 1952); *Consommé double aux Cepes*; *Le Suprême de Brochet au Beurre Blanc* (Corton Charlemagne 1952, Louis Latour); *Les Quenelles de Veau Bénédicte* (Château Leoville Poyferré 1934, Château bottled); *Grouse d'Ecosse Rôtie sur Canape*; *Poireux Meunière* (Beaune, Clos des Ursules 1928, Domaine bottled); *Brie de Meaux, Rocquefort, Stilton* (Taylor 1927); *Café* (Hine 1922).

REG CONWAY was on this occasion the chairman and my host; Col. Leonard Dennis, the wine expert from Smith & Hoey, was on my right; Mario Cazzani of the Pheasantry Club, a guest like myself, was opposite; and Peter Palmer was not far away.

The second course, *Les Huitres de Whitstable*, should have had the adjective "monster" between the first two words, as they were very large and magnificent—so much so that the second one stuck in my throat. Raising my head to high heaven I gurgled for a while like a duck being strangled, but such are the dining manners of the Benedicts that not an eyelid flickered, nobody looked and conversation went on peacefully.

The final courtesy was when I noticed that my host left his last six oysters uneaten. "I can't manage very large oysters, either," he said. What kindness! I've seen him eat them by the dozen.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Wine and women

ONLY recently have women (in this country, at least) been considered worthy to decide what wines to order when "dining out" or "dining in." Perhaps the advent of women executives has had something to do with the former, to save a man guest the embarrassment of choosing the wine. For if he does so, he must then taste it, and there you are, with your ignorance plain to all the world—and especially the sommelier.

Amusingly enough, on more than one occasion I have had to choose (and taste) the wine for my host, which must have been even more embarrassing for him. Actually many women know a lot, or enough, about wine, and frankly I do not think they are the humbugs on the subject which so many so-called "experts" are. (I except my colleague I. Bickerstaff, whose immense knowledge of the subject is qualified by a corresponding modesty.)

A year ago, for the first time, Mr. Guy Prince of Lebègue's had a "Ladies Only" wine-tasting day. The amusing cartoons which accompanied the invitations showed lipstick on a glass held up by an irate wine expert and some girls gaily spraying perfume in the cellars near

by London Bridge. These warning notes, of course, were for delinquents and not, we told ourselves, for us. Well, we must have passed the test (no lipsticks and no scent) for, this year, we were invited to wine-tasting in mixed company.

What an experience wine-tasting at Lebègue's is! One woman, whose taste in wine is impeccable, told me last year that she could manage ten but would rather limit her tasting to six. On the other hand, a man told me this year that he could taste sixty without losing his palate.



Me? I do not quite know but, when my nose does not "take in" the aroma of a wine, I accept it as a warning that it is time to leave off for a while.

Interpretation of taste is something on which no two people will agree. One guest at Lebègue's, the buyer for one of the important wine merchants, told me that when his nose detected a "warm honey" aroma he knew that the wine in question was the one that he would lay down. I, on my part, remarked that when a claret or a burgundy had the aroma of warm blackberries, that was the one I would choose—not English blackberries, but the wild ones of my native Canada, picked with the sun on them.

At a wine-tasting, which is something of a marathon, I allow myself one swallow.

This year, it was Chassagne-Montrachet, 1955—so good that I recall its flavour as I write.

As a writer on food, I must certainly refer to the buffet luncheon provided by Lebègue's. Perfect, as always—lobsters with delicious (non-mustarded!) mayonnaise, salads of both cooked foods and greens—and, the treat of the day for me, two slices from a magnificent baron of beef. Baron of beef!—found only, I think, at Guildhall and dinners given by big City Companies.

I noted what was not, I think, available last year—milk puddings. This supported my theory that men like them much more than women do. Mrs. Guy Prince, a charming hostess, no doubt realized this.

Wine-tasting for women! Why not? How can a woman plan a meal if she does not know what wines will go with it? If space for wines at home is not enough, one's wine merchant will reserve the bottles and keep them, undisturbed, at a safe temperature. But I know one woman who has in her kitchen an overhead rack with a dozen bottles of red wine—always at hand and at room temperature.

And now a note about left-over wine—the *beau reste* of a bottle. Even a small glass can turn an ordinary dish into a special one. But transfer it to a bottle into which it fits. Wine in a filled small bottle does not deteriorate but, if "lost" in a large bottle, it becomes sour according to the amount of air above.

Poach fish in liquid containing a little white wine. Reduce the liquid for the sauce and you will find it just as "different" as a white "paste" sauce is to Bechamel!

—Helen Burke



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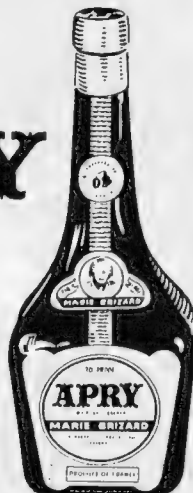


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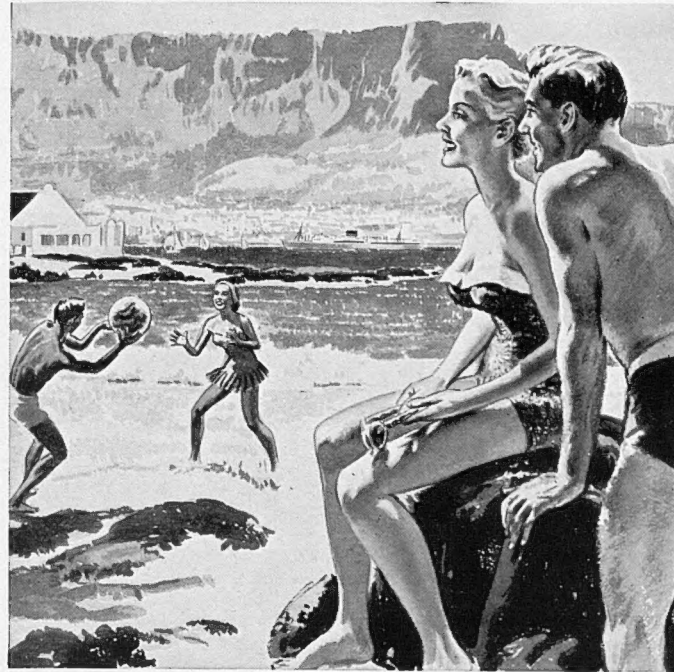
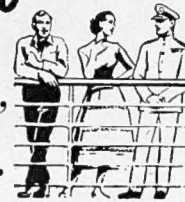
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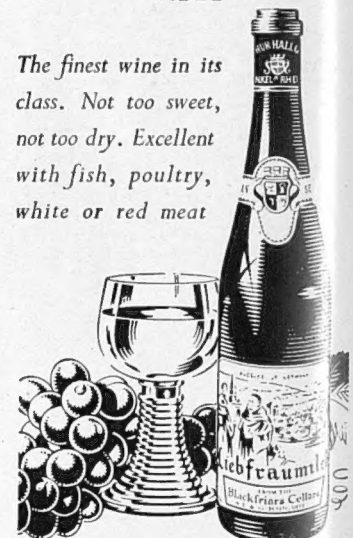
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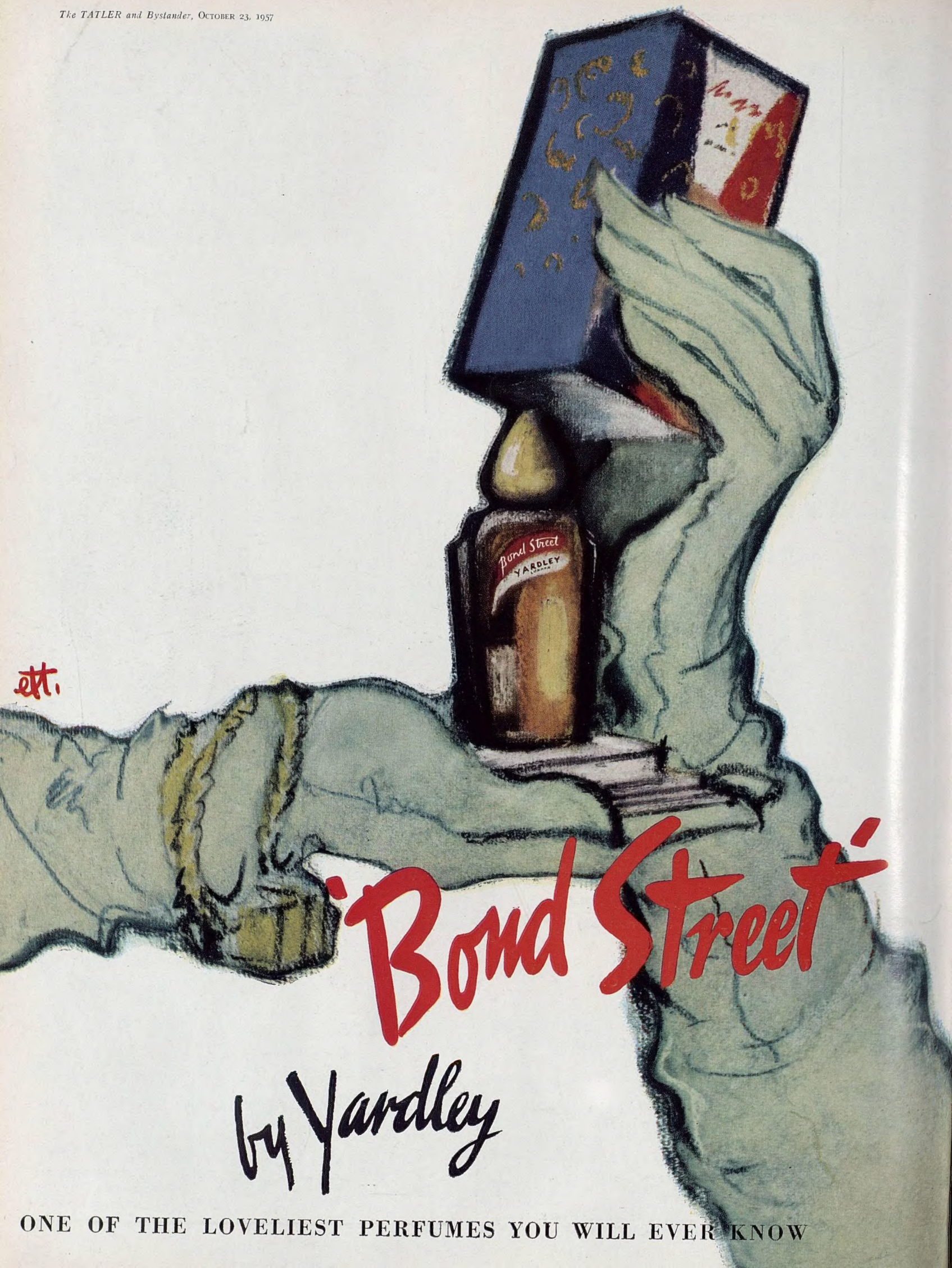
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